The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

In presenting to our readers an interesting collection of illustrations in the special Nathaniel Hawthorne number of The Bookman we have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., the authorised publishers of Hawthorne's works in the United States, for a number of pictures from their various editions; to Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. for permission to reproduce illustrations from their *édition de luxe* of "The Scarlet Letter"; to Messrs. Harper Bros. for a drawing by Walter Crane from "The Wonder Book" and other pictures, including a portrait from Bridge's "Personal Recollections of Hawthorne"; to Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Ltd., Messrs. Sands and Co., Messrs. James Nisbet and Co., Ltd., for illustrations from their various editions of Hawthorne; to Mr. Kenneth C. M. Sills, of Brunswick, Maine, for an interesting view of Bowdoin College in the time of Hawthorne, and for a portrait; to Mr. Norman Garstin for courteously allowing us to reproduce his painting of "The Scarlet Letter"; and to Mr. Walter Lewin for various facilities afforded.

Mr. Folliott-Stokes,
Author of "A Moorland Princess."
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Greening and Co.)

The portrait appearing upon the cover of this issue is reproduced from a photograph of Hawthorne at the age of fifty-eight, kindly placed at our disposal by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. The separate plate portrait is from a painting by Alexander Johnston at present in the Art Collection of Bowdoin College, of which a photograph by Professor Hutchins was obtained through the courtesy of Mr. Kenneth C. M. Sills, of Brunswick, Maine.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new volume, to be published in the autumn by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., will contain a number of stories which have already appeared serially in the magazines, amongst others: "Their Lawful Occasions," "Steam Tactics," "Wireless," "The Captive," etc., etc. Different editions of the book will be published simultaneously in this country, in the colonies, in the United States, in Canada, Germany, France, Italy, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and in the Tauchnitz series.

The stories by Mr. G. K. Chesterton which are now running in the *Idler* will, as at present arranged, be twelve in number. They are appearing simultaneously in America in *Harper's Weekly*.

As at present arranged, Mr. Con-

rad's new novel, "Nostromo," will be published some time in August. As soon as his work on the proofs is finished, Mr. Conrad contemplates a visit to the Mediterranean to renew acquaintance with the scenes of a naval story which he contemplates.

Mr. John Oxenham's new novel, "Hearts in Exile," will be published this autumn by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, and in America by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. The story has been considerably re-written since it appeared serially in the *Times*. It will be illustrated by a photogravure frontispiece by Mr. Harold Copping, a companion picture to "Barbe of Grand Bayou," which was so popular last year.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wells have been taking a short holiday in Switzerland, and we are glad to hear that the change has greatly improved Mr. Wells' health. Before leaving England Mr. Wells passed the proofs of "The Food of the Gods," which will be published this autumn in volume form.

The August number of *Scribner's Magazine* will be enriched by a new story entitled "They," from the pen of Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

Mr. Pett Ridge has collected a number of his short sketches, which will be issued this autumn under the title "Next Door Neighbours." A new illustrated edition of his book "Outside the Radius" is also promised for early publication.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish this month a new book by Robert Neilson Stephens, entitled "The Bright Face of Danger," a story of the reign of Henry IV. of France. Mr. Stephens is the author of "An Enemy to the King" and joint author of "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," now being played at the Imperial Theatre.

Mr. J. Keble Bell (Keble Howard),
In the editorial chair at the "Sketch" office.
Photo, Foulsham & Banfield.

Mr. F. T. Bullen, who is at present in the West Indies, is expected to be back in the early part of the month.

The third volume of "Literary Lives—Bunyan," by W. Hale White, will be ready early in the autumn. As in the case of the first two volumes of the series, Mr. G. W. E. Russell's "Matthew Arnold" and Dr. Barry's "Newman," it will be illustrated by a number of striking portraits and pictures connected with the author's life and work. In spite of the general dulness of the publishing trade, the demand for these two "Literary Lives" is constant.

Mr. Edgar Jepson, the author of that most delightful book "The Admirable Tinker," has written a series of stories dealing with "The Lady Noggs," a kind of female "Tinker." They will be published serially in one of the popular monthly magazines prior to being issued in book form next year. The American edition of "The Admirable Tinker" is, we hear, in great demand. It is published by Messrs. McClure, Phillips and Co.

Mr. Carlton Dawe's new novel is to be entitled "Lammas Grove."

Mr. William Le Queux has now returned to Castor, his home at Peterborough, for the summer months.

It is probable that during the forthcoming autumn season another of the volumes of the late Sir Walter Besant's "Survey of London" will be issued by Messrs. A. and C. Black.

Mr. H. C. Bailey has finished a new historical novel of the seventeenth century.

Miss Arabella Kenealy has finished a new novel, which will be published some time this autumn.

Captain A. T. Mahan, who has been on a visit to this country, has completed his work on the war of 1812, which will be published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.

We hear that there is some talk of a dramatisation of Madame Albanesi's novel, "Susannah and One Other," being produced at an early date.

"Jezebel's Husband," by Mark Ashton, is among the novels to be published shortly by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. The same publisher has also in the press "The Blue Fox," by W. H. Helm, and a book by Cosmo Hamilton, entitled "The Passing of Arthur: A Political Skit."

Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall is arranging to return to the East this year, and will spend the winter in Syria amid the scenes of "Said the Fisherman." The result will probably be another Eastern story.

The present war will be memorable in the history of war correspondents as a bitter disappointment from their particular point of view. The limitations imposed by the authorities have made really effective work almost impossible, and newspapers consequently begrudge heavy expenditure. We hear from Tokio that many correspondents are stranded there almost penniless, and we cannot help thinking that the ears of certain newspaper proprietors must tingle many times a day.

Mrs. Conyers, whose novel, "The Boy, Some Horses, and a Girl," achieved considerable success last year, has just finished a new story. Like its predecessor, it has its scene in Limerick, and horses and hounds play a prominent part in the development of the plot.

Mr. S. R. Crockett's long-promised book on Grey Galloway will be published this autumn. It has been decided to issue it in a popular form at the price of six shillings. It will contain over 100 new drawings by Mr. Pennell. The author's aim is to focus and concentrate his wide knowledge of Galloway for the use of Galloway lovers and Galloway travellers—in short, to prepare, as it were, a "garrulous" literary companion to the books already existing on the subject. Mr. Crockett's work will deal particularly with the part of the country most familiar to him, namely, that portion known by the name of "The Raider's Country," concerning which traditions, new and old, have materialised themselves with something of the concreteness and exactness of history.

Ralph Connor has nearly completed the manuscript of his novel, "The Prospector," in which he returns to the "Sky Pilot" country with all its wealth of Western life and humour. It is in this atmosphere that the author is most perfectly at home, and that his first great success as a writer came to him. The leading characters of the story are a mining prospector and a doctor of the foothills.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are to issue in the early autumn a new novel from the pen of Mr. Norman Duncan, author of "The Way of the Sea." The scene of the story is set among the wild surroundings of the frozen North. "Doctor Luke of Labrador" has a sustained plot and romance, with local colour of unquestionable value.

Messrs. Greening and Co. announce a new novel by Mr. Folliott Stokes. Mr. Stokes has made the scenery of Cornwall his special study. His story is entitled "A Moorland Princess."

A Portrait of Alexander Bain, LL.D.

(Reproduced from Professor Bain's "Autobiography," by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.)

Dr. William Barry is seeing through the press his important collection of essays, "Heralds of Revolt." The volume deals with the movement in modern literature which some have termed a second renaissance. For this purpose single figures are taken, round which to group the writings that most effectively incarnate the "new spirit." Goethe himself, the "Great Pagan," Heine, Victor Hugo, Georges Sand, Flambert, and their disciples—among English authors Carlyle, George Eliot, Symonds, and Pater—are separately handled, as artists, philosophers, and prophets. From the pages of Amiel and Nietzsche the essence of the whole is gathered. Each essay or chapter is complete in itself.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

MAY 18TH TO JUNE 18TH, 1904.

Briskness cannot be said to have been the prevailing feature of the trade transactions during the month just passed, nevertheless the output has been extensive, and has included many items of attractiveness which together have materially aided to keep business up to a fairly normal level for the time of year.

From the purely demand and supply point of view

Horace Annesley Vachell,
Whose new novel "Brothers" is reviewed in this number.
From Photo by Fry, Brighton.

the new issue of the Methodist Hymnal has been the most imposing feature. Of course by far the greater portion of the supply has been direct from the centre to the various Connexions, and thus the enormous bulk dealt with, for it has been reckoned by the ton, has not been apparent to the bookseller, although a certain amount has filtered through the usual trade channels.

The Autobiography of Herbert Spencer has continued to move steadily. In the more recent biographical issues have appeared the Life of General Wauchope, by Sir George Douglas, and "Whistler as I Knew Him," by Mortimer Menpes. The former of these volumes has been very attractive, although fraught with the sad memories of Magersfontein.

The announcement that the extra volume of Hastings' Bible Dictionary would really be forthcoming in a few weeks' time caused a further influx of orders, and the new volume upon the Theology of the Old Testament by Dr. Davidson has been much in request.

Ireland has been very prominent from a literary standpoint by the issue of Michael Davitt's "The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland," which has had a very large sale, and the continued requests for McCarthy's "Rome in Ireland."

The output of 6s. novels has suffered no diminishment, and several of the recent productions have proved popular. Among those calling for special notice are "The Queen's Quair," by Maurice Hewlett, "Olive Latham," "A Lost Eden," "Brothers," "To-morrow?" "The Faith of Men," and "Fort Amity." Of the earlier volumes, "Uriah the Hittite," "Sir Mortimer," "Rulers of Kings," "Masqueraders," "Incomparable Bellairs," and "Love's Proxy," together with several volumes previously noted, have been in constant request.

The most prominent item at 3s. 6d. has been "The Peradventures of Private Pagett," by W. P. Drury, whilst at 2s. Mark Twain's latest, "Extracts from Adam's Diary," attests the hold which he still has upon the public.

"The Double Garden," by Maeterlinck, has sold freely, and the death of Samuel Smiles was the cause of an increased demand for "Self-Help" and companion works.

"Gems of the East," another record of A. H. S. Landor's experiences in out-of-the-way places, has found a goodly number of purchasers.

Sundry Guide Books, publications treating on photography, especially the Year Book of Photography, Cycling and Golf Handbooks, have all assisted in adding to the trade of the month.

Sixpenny reprints have figured largely in the month's returns; some 900 titles, we notice, appear in the list of one of the leading wholesale houses. The appearance of the new art volume, "The British Home of To-day," had been eagerly expected and was much appreciated. The wealth and quality of illustration has proved irresistible.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

Olive Latham. By E. L. Voynich. (Heinemann.)

The Marquis of Dalhousie, K.T.
A review of whose "Life" appears in another column.
(Reproduced from "Physician and Friend," by kind permission of the author and Mr. John Murray.)

The Queen's Quair. By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan.)
Uriah the Hittite. By Dolf Wyllarde. (Heinemann.)
Fort Amity. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. (J. Murray.)
A Lost Eden. By M. E. Braddon. (Hutchinson.)
To-morrow? By Victoria Cross. (W. Scott.)
Brothers. By H. A. Vachell. (J. Murray.)
Sir Mortimer. By Mary Johnston. (Constable.)
Rulers of Kings. By Gertrude Atherton. (Macmillan.)
Masqueraders. By Rita. (Hutchinson.)
Love's Proxy. By Richard Bagot. (E. Arnold.)

Autobiography of Herbert Spencer. 2 vols. 28s. net. (Williams and Norgate.)
Peradventures of Private Pagett. By W. P. Drury. 3s. 6d. (Chapman and Hall.)
Extracts from Adam's Diary. By Mark Twain. 2s. net. (Harper.)
Gems of the East. By A. H. S. Landor. 2 vols. 30s. net. (Macmillan.)
The Double Garden. By M. Maeterlinck. 5s. net. (G. Allen.)
The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland. By Michael Davitt. 10s. 6d. net. (Harper.)
Rome in Ireland. By M. J. F. McCarthy. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Life of General Wauchope. By Sir G. Douglas. 10s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Whistler as I Knew Him. By Mortimer Menpes. 40s. net. (Black.)
Theology of the Old Testament. By A. B. Davidson. 12s. (T. and T. Clark.)
New Issue of the Methodist Hymnal, at various prices.
Self-Help, Thrift, Character. By Samuel Smiles. 3s. 6d. each. (J. Murray.)
The British Home of To-day. 5s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
May 21—Quiet in home trade, fairly brisk in export.
,, 28—Slight improvement in all departments.
June 4—A quiet week all round.
,, 11—A general slackness still continues.
,, 18—Brisker in export, but still quiet in home trade.

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(2) SCOTLAND.

MAY 20TH TO JUNE 18TH, 1904.

In addition to numerous guide books and beautifully illustrated volumes of special attraction to tourists and holiday makers, the chief features of the month's trade were the large numbers of sixpenny reprints of popular works issued and as readily sold. Of these nearly one hundred appeared within a few weeks, and the following twelve stood out as remarkably successful:—"A Blameless Woman," by John Strange Winter; "The Cavaliers," by S. R. Keightly; "The Convict Ship," by W. Clark Russell; "The Fowler," by Beatrice Harraden; "The Golden Wang Ho," by Fergus Hume; "His Last Plunge," by Nat Gould; "A Man of the Moors," by H. Sutcliffe; "The M.S. in the Red Box"; "Petticoat Loose," by Rita; "Sir George Tressady," by Mrs. Humphry Ward; "Uncle Joe's Legacy," by Guy Boothby; and "The Under Secretary," by W. Le Queux.

The shilling book of the month was unquestionably "Erchie," by Hugh Foulis—a book of real Scots humour—well-known to have been written by one of our leading Scottish novelists.

The sales of Sir Archibald Geikie's excellent collection of Scotch stories entitled "Scottish Reminiscences" were very many, and a new series of "Sermons in Braid Scots," had with No. 1, called "The Ne'er-do-weel," an exceedingly good reception.

Outdoor sports were well represented in such books as "Ladies' Golf," by May Hezlet; "How We Re-

A Recent Portrait of M. Maurice Maeterlinck.

Mr. Maeterlinck's new work, "The Double Garden," is reviewed on another page.
(Rischgitz Collection.)

covered the Ashes," Mr. Warner's Cricket book; "Great Golfers," by G. W. Beldam; "Trout Fishing," by W. E. Hodgson; and a comprehensive work in two volumes on "Fishing," edited by Horace G. Hutchinson, and adding another standard book to Messrs. Newnes' "County Library of Sport."

It was quite a pleasant surprise to the trade to find how many enquiries were made for Sir George Douglas's "Life of General Wauchope." Locally the book was welcomed as a worthy record of a brave life, and it was warmly praised by all the leading journals.

Although appearing at rather an unusual time of the year for such a work, the Rev. T. T. Matthews' "Thirty Years in Madagascar" sold well. It was recognised as a valuable record of modern missions, and as the author is well known in Scotland, the book was of special interest to many of his friends.

"The British Home of To-day," a book beautifully produced and specially of interest to those desirous of improving home surroundings, gained a well deserved success, and was considered good value.

Other books prominent in the month's business were "The Peradventures of Private Pagett," by W. P. Drury; the Countess of Munster's "Recollections"; the shilling edition of Hall Caine's famous novel "The Christian," and the various volumes in the Pocket Edition of Ruskin's Works.

Although it cannot be said that any six-shilling novel of exceptional worth was published, the following six obtained many readers:—"Dorothea," by M. Maartens; "Sir Mortimer," by Mary Johnston; "Incomparable Bellairs," by A. and E. Castle; "To-morrow?" by V. Cross; "The Hunchback of Westminster," by Wm. Le Queux; and "The Letters Which Never Reached Him."

The two monthly magazines having the briskest sale were "Munsey," and "The Royal," and mention must be made of the unexampled sale of the first number of the new paper, "Horner's Weekly."

The following is our list of best selling books during the month:—

Life of General Wauchope. By Sir George Douglas. 10s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Ladies' Golf. By May Hezlet. 6s. net. (Hutchinson.)

How We Recovered the Ashes. By P. F. Warner. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman and Hall.)

Great Golfers. By G. W. Beldam. 12s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Thirty Years in Madagascar. By Rev. T. T. Matthews. 6s. (Religious Tract Society.)

The Christian. By Hall Caine. Cheap edition. 1s. net. (Heinemann.)

The British Home of To-day. 5s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Erchie. By Hugh Foulis. 1s. net. (Blackwood.)

The Countess of Munster's "Recollections." 12s. 6d. (Nash.)

The Peradventures of Private Pagett. 3s. 6d. (Chapman and Hall.)

Ruskin's Works. Pocket Edition. 2s. 6d. net. (Allen.)

Trout Fishing. By W. Earl Hodgson. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)

Scottish Reminiscences. By Sir A. Geikie. 6s. net. (Maclehose.)

Six Shilling Novels.

Dorothea. By M. Maartens. (Constable.)

Sir Mortimer. By Mary Johnston. (Constable.)

Incomparable Bellairs. By A. and E. Castle. (Constable.)

To-morrow? By Victoria Cross. (Walter Scott Publishing Co.)

Hunchback of Westminster. By Wm. Le Queux. (Methuen.)

The Letters Which Never Reached Him. (Nash.)

The Woman with the Fan. By R. Hichens. (Methuen.)

Nyria. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. (Unwin.)

Garmiscath. By J. S. Clouston. (Blackwood.)

Olive Latham. By E. L. Voynich. (Heinemann.)

A Lost Eden. By M. E. Braddon. (Hutchinson.)

Sovereign Power. By Violet Simpson. (Smith, Elder.)

The Queen's Quair. By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

JULY 6—AUGUST 4.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

July 6th.

TRUSCOTT, L. PARRY.—Motherhood, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
RUTHERFORD, MARK.—Autobiography, 1s. net (Fisher Unwin)
RUTHERFORD, MARK.—Deliverance, 1s. net ... (Fisher Unwin)
RUTHERFORD, MARK.—Tanner's Lane, 1s. net (Fisher Unwin)
LE FEUVRE, AMY.—Probable Sons. Large Type Edition. 1s. (R. T. S.)

July 7th.

GERARD, EMILY.—The Heron's Tower, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
CRANE, STEPHEN, and ROBERT BARR.—The O'Ruddy, 6s. (Methuen)
POER, JOHN PATRICK E.—A Modern Legionary, 6s. (Methuen)
MORRIS, J. E.—The North Riding of Yorkshire. Little Guides Series. 3s. and 3s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
DICKENS, CHARLES.—The Pickwick Papers. Illustrated Pocket Library. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
DUMAS, ALEXANDRE.—Nanon, 6d. ..... (Methuen)
WINDLE, B. C. A.—Remains of the Pre-Historic Life in England. Antiquary's Books. 7s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)

July 8th.

HANNA, WILLIAM.—Our Lord's Life on Earth. Students' Library Edition. Maps. 6s. ..... (R. T. S.)

July 11th.

SUTCLIFFE, HALLIWELL.—Bachelor in Arcady, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
PRAED, MRS. CAMPBELL.—Australian Girlhood, 6s. net (Fisher Unwin)
VILLARI, PROF. P.—Life of Machiavelli, 2s. 6d. net (Fisher Unwin)

July 13th.

MATHERS, ELLEN.—Cinders, 6d. ..... (Pearson)

July 14th.

MARRIOTT WATSON, H. B.—Captain Fortune, 6s....(Methuen)
MANN, MARY E.—A Winter's Tale, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
SHARP, ELIZABETH A.—Rembrandt, 2s. 6d. net ... (Methuen)
SHAKESPEARE.—Henry V., Parts 1, 2, 3. Little 4to Edition. 1s. net ..... (Methuen)
PEMBERTON, MAX.—I Crown Thee King, 6d. ..... (Methuen)

July 18th.

HARDY, REV. E. J.—How to be Happy Though Married. Cloth Edition. 1s. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
GOSSMAN, ISABEL H.—Inspiration of Human Life, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
WARRY, C. KING.—The Sentinel of Wessex, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)

July 20th.

DURHAM, BISHOP OF.—With Heart and Mind: A Book of Daily Thoughts, 3s. 6d. ..... (R. T. S.)
WILLIAMSON, DAVID.—Our Latest Invasion, 1s. ... (R. T. S.)

July 21st.

CHESNEY, WEATHERBY.—The Mystery of the Bungalow, 6s. (Methuen)
STRINGER, ARTHUR.—The Silver Poppy, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
SALMON, ARTHUR L.—Devonshire. Cheap Guides. 6d. (Methuen)

July 27th.

WEYMAN, STANLEY.—The New Rector, 6d. ..... (Methuen)

July 28th.

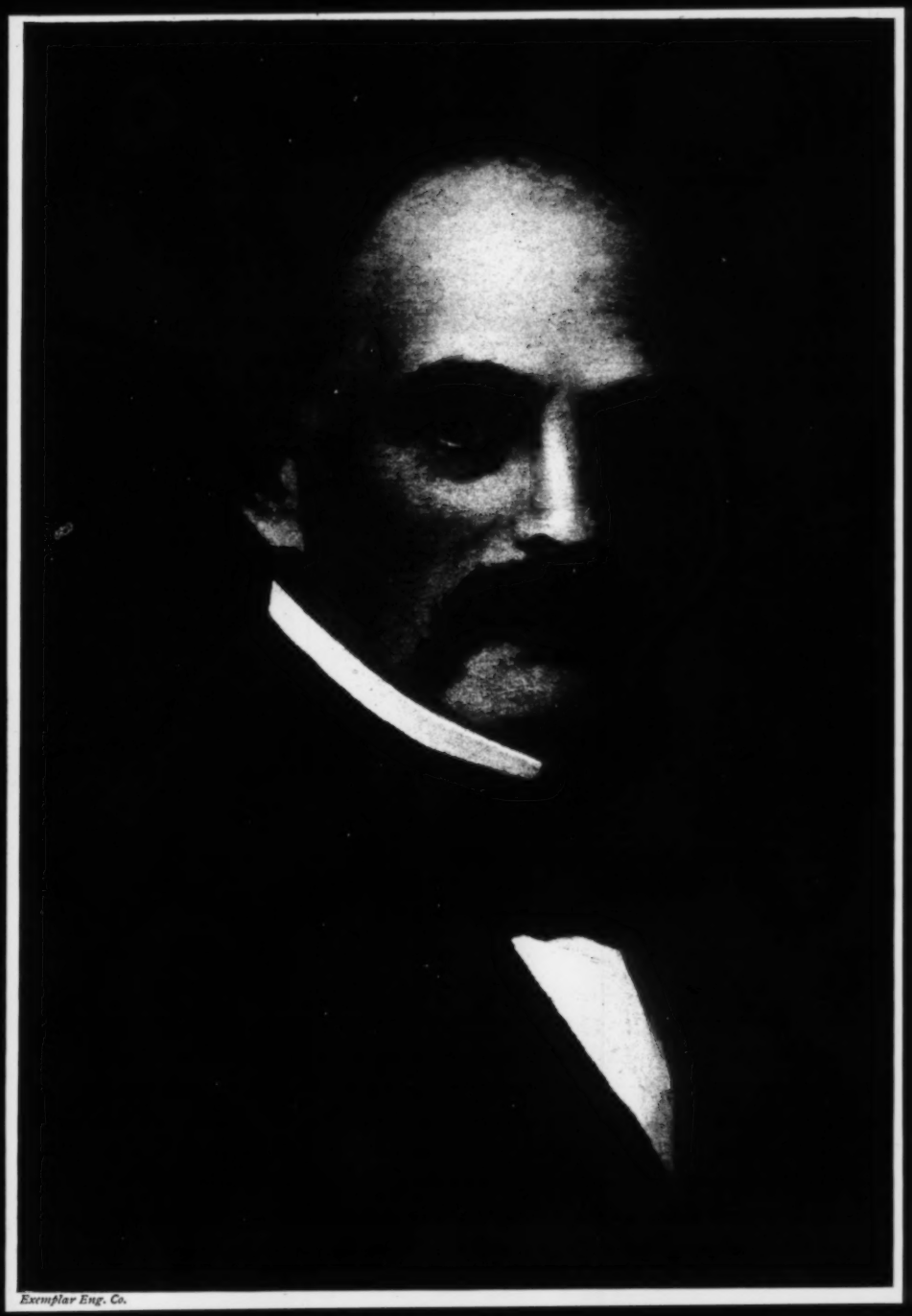
BARING GOULD, S.—In Dewisland, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
BARR, ROBERT.—The Lady Electra, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
FARRER, REGINALD.—The Garden of Asia, 6s. ..... (Methuen)

August 4th.

CAPES, BERNARD.—The Extraordinary Confession of Diana Please, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
GERARD, DOROTHEA.—The Bridge of Life, 6s. ... (Methuen)
TOWNLEY, LADY SUSAN.—My Chinese Note-Book, 10s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
Real Life in Ireland. Illustrated Pocket Library. 3s. 6d. net (Methuen)
DUMAS, ALEXANDRE.—The Vicomte de Bragelonne. Part I. 1s. ..... (Methuen)
PATTERSON, A. H.—Notes of an East Coast Naturalist, 6s. (Methuen)

During the Month, Dates not Fixed.

FELTHAM, OWEN.—Resolves: Divine, Moral, and Political. Edited by Oliphant Smeaton, M.A. Temple Classics. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. net ..... (Dent)
HAZLITT, WILLIAM.—Fugitive Writings. Vol. XI. Collected Works. Edited by A. R. Waller and Arnold Glover (Dent)



Exemplar Eng. Co.

The Reader.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

BY WALTER LEWIN.

MUCH that is good, and some that is very good, has been written about Hawthorne, but anything like a complete critical biography has not yet appeared. The efforts of Mr. Henry James, Mr. Moncure D. Conway, Mrs. Annie Fields, and Mr. George E. Woodberry have their value. Mr. Conway possesses sympathetic insight, and Mr. Woodberry's analytical skill is undeniable; but these books were so circumscribed by the conditions under which they were issued that they can be regarded as hardly more than biographical outlines. After reading them the impression remains that a sufficient life and study has still to be written. Hawthorne's wife refused to attempt a memoir of him because of "the extreme delicacy and difficulty of the subject." She gave copious passages from his note-books instead. She thought it would be impossible for anyone outside his domestic circle to write his biography "on account of his extreme reserve." It would have been scarcely possible for anyone within his domestic circle to fulfil the task properly on account of his dominating personality. The biography of a public man can seldom be written satisfactorily by an intimate private companion. The personal bias is too strong and the necessary perspective cannot be created. Detachment is as necessary to the good biographer as it is to the good critic. Indeed the biographer must be a critic. A sufficient life and study was to have been written—or attempted—by James Russell Lowell, but other occupations and ill-health delayed it, and he died before it was accomplished. He had some excellent qualifications. Although as a critic his insight was sometimes defective and he was not always impartial, he could do full justice where his sympathies were engaged, as they certainly were with the man of whom he wrote: "I don't think people have any kind of true notion yet, what a master he was, God rest his soul! Shakspere, I am sure, was glad to see him on the other side." It is not certain, however, that even Lowell was quite the right man for the task. It needed one of peculiarly delicate mental and moral perceptions to execute it well. George William Curtis was such a man, and, in justice to Hawthorne's memory and for the edification of the world, the life of Hawthorne should have been written by him.

The passage just quoted is from a letter written by Lowell to Fields in 1868, and although much more has been made known about Hawthorne since then, and his works have been studied, and his fame has risen, even now, at the centenary of his birth, comparatively few persons seem to have any kind of true notion what a master he was. That he is easily first among American novelists will be freely conceded, although many American novelists are deservedly eminent; but how supreme a master of Letters he was is not well understood.

Already there is much material available for the purposes of a complete biography, and much more could be made available if the guardians of Hawthorne's unpublished manuscripts would be more open-handed in their treatment of the world. The Note Books already issued—American, English, and French and Italian—yield rich results, but there must be a vast store of notes still unpublished. Hawthorne's personality, and much besides, are revealed in Mr. Julian Hawthorne's interesting volumes, in Mrs. Hawthorne's "Notes on England and Italy," in the reminiscences of James T. Fields and Horatio Bridge, in Mr. Lathrop's thoughtful "Study," and in the exceedingly charming volume containing so many of Mrs. Hawthorne's letters, which, with the title "Memories of Hawthorne," was prepared by Hawthorne's youngest daughter, Mrs. Lathrop. Above all, to those who have eyes to see, Hawthorne's own writings are a revelation of himself. He was not, indeed, a man to take the world into his confidence; as he said, not one of "those supremely hospitable people who serve up their own hearts, delicately fried, as a tit-bit for their beloved public." In those humorous and exceedingly entertaining chapters which preface some of his works, he talks about himself, but when all is said and done he does not reveal much. He described them correctly as "talk about his external habits, his abode, his casual associates, and other matters entirely on the surface." These things, he said, hide the man instead of displaying him; and he referred the reader to "the whole range of his fictitious characters, good and evil, in order to detect any of his essential traits." To classify this material and interpret it, so that the man as he really was, in life and in letters, shall be revealed, would be difficult truly, but not impossible, and less than justice is rendered to Hawthorne's memory so long as it remains undone.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

After a Painting by C. G. Thomson, 1850.

"Hawthorne was a slender lad, having a massive head, with dark, brilliant, and most expressive eyes, heavy eyebrows, and a profusion of dark hair."—Horatio Bridge's "Personal Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne."

(Reproduced from Bridge's "Personal Recollections of Hawthorne," by the courtesy of Messrs. Harper Bros.)

Hawthorne was born at Salem, in Massachusetts, on the 4th of July, 1804. He was of the sixth generation of American Hathornes —for so the name was spelt until

he changed it. William Hathorne migrated from Wiltshire to Massachusetts in 1630, and became renowned as a persecutor of the Quakers. His son, John Hathorne, won distinction even less enviable as a witch-burning judge, whose misdeeds (although not generally regarded as such) were supposed to have brought a curse on the family, which is utilised in "The House of the Seven Gables." Joseph Hathorne, the third son of John, was a farmer at Salem, and his fifth son, "bold Daniel," was a privateersman in the War of Independence. Nathaniel, the third son of Daniel, was born in 1775, and died when his distinguished only son and namesake was four years old. Little is known of him excepting that he was a sea-captain, a silent, reserved and studious man, of a roving disposition, and fond of children. Hawthorne's silence and reserve may have been inherited from both his parents, for his mother, Elizabeth Clarke Manning, after she became a widow passed the remainder of her life in almost complete seclusion. This disposition was a family characteristic; it appears in Hawthorne's two sisters as well as in his parents and himself. There does not appear to have been any deficiency of family affection. The several members of the household were cordially attached to one another, although they were so singularly undemonstrative.

A solitary boyhood was the natural result of such surroundings and temperament. At Salem—with some intermissions—that boyhood was spent, and Salem at its best was not a lively town. Yet such entertainment and companionship as it could have afforded was despised by Hawthorne, who spent in his own way some seemingly purposeless years. In 1821 he entered Bowdoin College, where, on his own showing, he was "an idle student," and where, on one occasion, he fell into disgrace for gambling on a trivial scale. Among his classmates were Longfellow, Franklin Pierce, and Horatio Bridge, three lifelong friends. In 1825 he returned to Salem, and then, in that "haunted chamber" of his mother's house, his apprenticeship to literature may be said to have begun. Long afterwards, in 1840, when he revisited the place, he described that period of his life in these terms:—

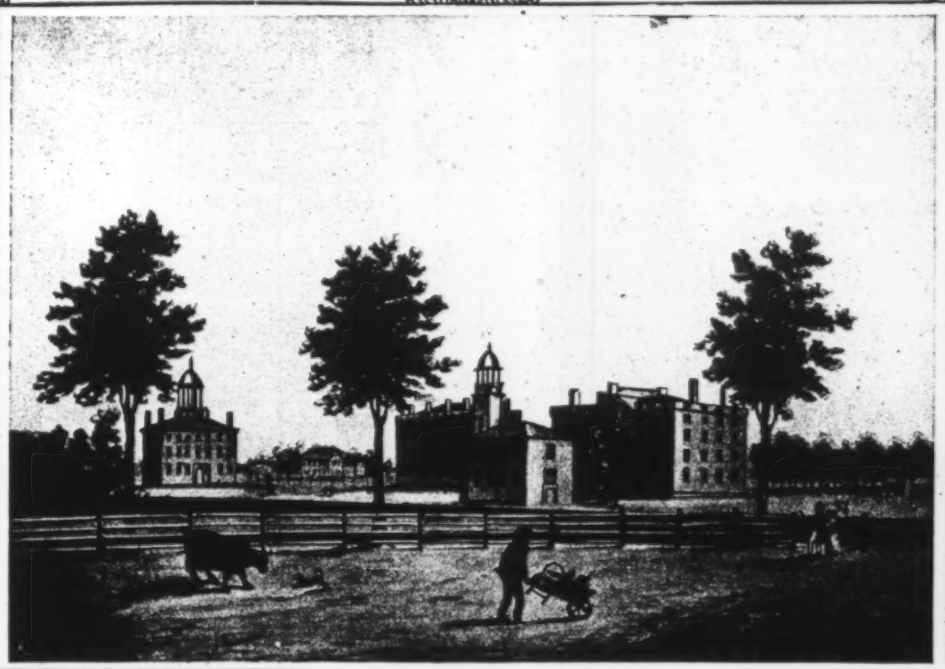
"Here I sit in my old accustomed chamber, where I used to sit in days gone by. . . . Here I have written my tales, many that have been burned to ashes, many that doubtless deserved the same fate. This claims to be called a haunted chamber, for thousands upon thousands of visions have appeared to me in it; and some few of them have become visible to the world. . . . Here my mind and character were formed; and here I have been glad and hopeful, and here I have been despondent. And here I sat a long, long time, waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all—at least till I were in my grave. . . . And now I begin to understand why I was imprisoned so many years in this lonely chamber, and why I could never break through the viewless bolts and bars; for if I had sooner made my escape into the world, I should have grown hard and rough, and been covered with earthly dust, and my heart might have become callous by rude encounters with the multitude. . . . But living in solitude till the fulness of time was come, I still kept the dew of my youth and the freshness of my heart."

So these seemingly idle years were not, after all, aimless. Hawthorne was a self-contained man; to outward seeming a lonely man. He liked walking, but many of his walks were by night and without a companion. He was not really lonely, because he could supply for himself much of that for the sake of which others seek for company. He might fairly have echoed the sentiment of Thoreau, who said he "never found the companion so companionable as solitude." His solitary wanderings did more than companions could have done to qualify him for his appointed work.

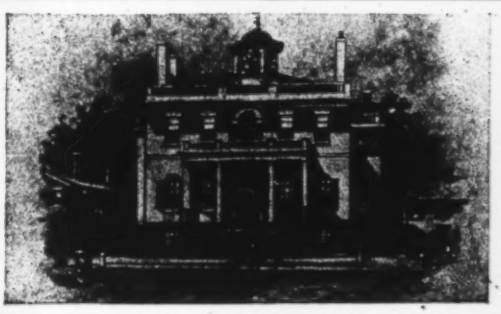
Hawthorne left Salem in 1839 to take up an appointment as weigher and gauger at the Boston Custom House. By that time he had written a novel called "Fanshawe," which was published anonymously in 1828, but speedily suppressed because it failed to satisfy his own fastidious judgment. He had also written many stories, some of which suffered the fate of "Fanshawe," while others appeared in the pages of various minor periodicals, including the *Salem Gazette*, the *New England Magazine*, the *American Monthly Magazine*, the *Democratic Review*, and the *Boston Token and Atlantic Souvenir*. The last-named was edited by Goodrich, once familiar to the world of children as Peter Parley. For Goodrich he had done a quantity of other writing, including a "Universal History." For a short time he had edited the *American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge*, a penny periodical published in Boston. For all this and much other literary work he received payment on a strictly moderate scale, or, as happened more than once, no payment at all. The work of that period includes some of his most famous stories and sketches now collected in the several volumes called "Twice Told Tales," "Mosses from an Old Manse," and "The Snow Image," among others "Roger Malvin's Burial" (1832), "The Canterbury Pilgrims" (1833), "The Devil in Manuscript" (1835)—supposed to have an autobiographical bearing on the fate of the author's "Seven Tales of my Native Land," which, after vainly seeking a publisher, were consigned to the flames—"Old News" (1835), "Wakefield" (1835), "A Rill from the Town Pump" (1835), "The Prophetic Pictures" (1837), "David Swan" (1837), "Fancy's Show Box" (1837), "The Fountain of Youth" (1837), re-named "Dr. Herdegger's Experiment," and "The Great Carbuncle" (1837). By the good offices of Horatio Bridge the stories which form the first series of "Twice Told Tales" were collected and issued in 1837. "The Minister's Black Veil," "The Wedding Knell," and "The Maypole of Merry Mount" received favourable notice in the *Athenæum* in 1835, which Hawthorne regarded as a piece of singular good fortune. For indeed, during those years, he had little encouragement, being sadly deficient in the quality which, in literature not less than in other professions and in trade, is essential above all others to ensure success—self-assertion! Long afterwards, when he declared

The Hawthorne House, Raymond, Maine,
Where Hawthorne spent some years of his boyhood.

Hawthorne's Birthplace, Union Street, Salem, Mass.
Hawthorne was born at Salem on the 4th of July, 1804.



Bowdoin College in the time of Nathaniel Hawthorne.
Hawthorne entered Bowdoin College in 1821, and graduated in 1825, just after reaching his majority.



Salem Custom House.
Hawthorne was appointed Surveyor of Customs at Salem in March, 1846.

Flat Rock, Thomas Pond.
Hawthorne's Favourite Fishing Place when a Boy.

SOME HOMES AND HAUNTS OF HAWTHORNE.

(Reproduced from "Hawthorne's First Diary," "The Scarlet Letter," and "Hawthorne's Circle," by kind permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co., and Messrs. Harper Bros.)

that at that period he was "the obscurest man of letters in America," he hardly overstated the truth.

Another event which marked Hawthorne's residence at Salem had much to do with his acceptance of the Custom House appointment. In 1837 he had become acquainted with Miss Sophia Amelia Peabody, the lady who afterwards became his wife. When the engagement took place, the necessity for more active measures than heretofore for earning money became urgent. The salary at the Custom House was £250 a year, far more than he had ever earned before. The duties were faithfully performed, but necessarily uncongenial: attending at the wharf to supervise the output of cargoes, and measuring coal and salt. It occurred to him that his leisure time might be employed in writing sketches under such titles as "Nibblings of a Wharf Rat" and "Trials of a Tide Waiter," and in preparing "an ethical work in two volumes on the subject of *Duties*." Of leisure, however, he had none; for although his time was not fully taken up with official duties, his mind was not at liberty. He had deserted his vocation, and the penalty was incapacity. He could not serve two masters. He felt that the doom that was laid upon him "of murdering so many of the brightest hours of the day at the Custom House" had "made havoc" with his wits. He had tried to write, "yet with a sense that all the noblest part of man had been left out of my composition or had decayed out of it since my nature was given to my own keeping." The best he could hope was that "years hence, perhaps, the experience that my heart is acquiring now will flow out in truth and wisdom." Meantime he prayed for some way of escape from that "unblest Custom House, for it is a very grievous thraldom." Relief came, as it so often does to civil servants in America, whether welcome or not, when there is a change of President. Hawthorne had saved a small sum of money—about £200—and as Brook Farm, then just establishing itself, offered a possible opportunity for combining wholesome labour with literary leisure, he invested it in the undertaking and joined the Settlement in April, 1841. Doubtless the life there was pleasant to him in many ways. He described the place as one of the most beautiful he ever saw in his life, and the spirit of truth which pervaded the whole undertaking could not fail to appeal to him. He began to look forward to passing years or even a lifetime there, and in the spring of 1842, on the eve of his marriage, thought of building a house on the estate. But suddenly the conviction seized him that even there the conditions would hamper him; and he speedily took up his belongings and went away. As at the Boston Custom House, so now, his departure was to him emancipation. After all, farming was not his vocation. "Labour is the curse of the world," he exclaimed, "and nobody can meddle with it without becoming proportionately brutified. Is it a praiseworthy matter that I have spent five golden months in providing food for cows and horses? It is not so!"

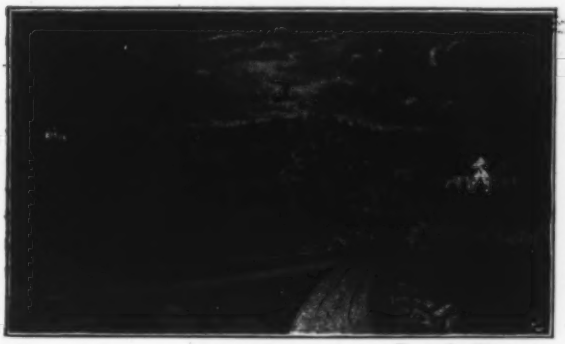
Accordingly he left Brook Farm, and on the 9th of July, 1842, he and Sophia Peabody were married and went to dwell at the Old Manse at Concord. There they remained, happy but very poor, until in 1846 he was appointed Surveyor of Customs at Salem at a salary of £240. There, as at Boston, he did his work conscientiously and well, but his heart was not in it, and he could do no literary work. He was, however, able to pay off his debts, and his wife succeeded in saving a little money which, when he was superseded for political reasons, proved extremely useful. Probably there never was a civil servant who interfered less in politics than Hawthorne; nevertheless, because politicians of the opposite party wanted to fill the post with a nominee of their own, he was ruthlessly dispossessed. The worst of this discreditable episode was that as no true charges of misconduct could be made, misrepresentation was resorted to. One of the most active of Hawthorne's opponents was Charles W. Upham, who concealed his antagonism under a guise of friendship. He "has thus proved himself a liar and a most consummate hy-

The Old Manse, Concord,

Where Hawthorne lived for three years after his marriage in 1842.

"The Old Manse, best seen from the river, overshadowed with its willow, and all environed about with the foliage of its orchard and avenue—how gently did its grey, homely aspect rebuke the speculative extravagances of the day! It had grown sacred in connection with the artificial life against which we inveighed; it had been a home for many years in spite of all; it was my home too." . . . .

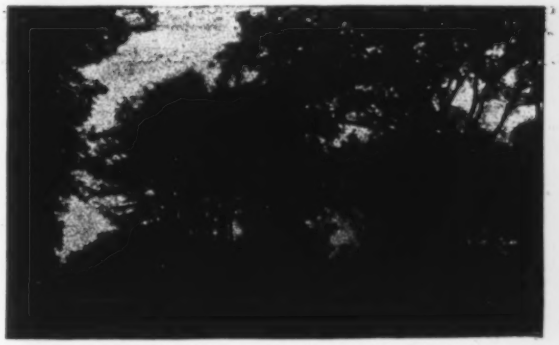
"A priest had built it; a priest had succeeded to it; other priestly men, from time to time had dwelt in it; and children, born in its chambers, had grown up to assume the priestly character. . . . The boughs over my head seemed shadowy with solemn thoughts, as well as with rustling leaves. I took shame to myself for having been so long a writer of idle stories, and ventured to hope that wisdom would descend upon me with the falling leaves of the avenue, and that I should light upon an intellectual treasure in the Old Manse, well worth those hoards of long hidden gold, which people seek for in moss-grown houses."—"Mosses from an Old Manse."



Brook Farm.

Hawthorne arrived at Brook Farm April 12th, 1841, and remained in the community about a year. It was here that he laid the scene of "The Blithedale Romance."

"Brook Farm (modified in certain respects to suit the conditions) was the scene of the story. . . . I visited the place some thirty years later, and found the general topographical features substantially as described in the book."—Julian Hawthorne's "Hawthorne and his Circle."



The Approach to the Old Manse.

"My garden, that skirted the avenue of the Manse, was of precisely the right extent. An hour or two of morning labour was all that it required. But I used to visit and revisit it a dozen times a day, and stand in deep contemplation over my vegetable progeny, with a love that nobody could share or conceive of, who had never taken part in the process of creation."—"Mosses from an Old Manse."

pocrite; for he has always professed himself the warmest friend," wrote Mrs. Hawthorne. To Hawthorne he appeared "the most satisfactory villain that ever was, for at every point he was consummate." This "smooth, smiling, oily man of God," as Sumner termed him, had his reward. He drove Hawthorne from office as he desired, and he won a place among the immortals, for he will go down to a long posterity as that supreme hypocrite in fiction, the man with the "dog day smile," Judge Pyncheon.

Hawthorne's fortunes had now reached low-water mark. Although never rich, he was destined never again to be in abject need. Thrown once more on his own resources, and with the warm encouragement of his wife and friends, he set diligently to work and wrote "The Scarlet Letter." Already several volumes of his collected stories had appeared, as well as two books for children: "Grandfather's Chair" (1841), and "Biographical Stories" (1842), and these had won a moderate welcome. "The Scarlet Letter" was, however, his first romance—for the suppressed youthful effort need not count—and it won instant fame. It was published in 1850, and, encouraged by success, Hawthorne proceeded immediately with "The House of the Seven Gables," which he finished at the beginning of 1851. The "Wonder Book for Girls and Boys" followed during the same year, and "The Blithedale Romance" in 1852, followed by the "The Life of Franklin Pierce." Happiness and hope had stimulated Hawthorne to unwonted literary activity; he was now able to live his own life without drawback or hindrance; and fame, long waited for, came at last.

During this period the family had moved from Salem to Lenox, and thence to West Newton, and in 1852 they settled once more at Concord, this time in the house that had been occupied by Bronson Alcott, called "Hillside," which Hawthorne purchased and rechristened "The Wayside." There were now three children, Una, born at the Old Manse; Julian, at Boston; and Rose, at Lenox. If Franklin Pierce had not been elected to the Presidency, Hawthorne might have continued his literary career uninterrupted, for the remainder of his life. As it was, Pierce offered him the Liverpool Consulate, a position too advantageous from a money point of view to be refused. Accordingly he sailed with his family for England in July, 1853, and did not return to his home at Concord until June, 1860. Of England, his experiences and impressions are set forth in the pages of the English Note Books, and in a more finished form in "Our Old Home," a book which gave unexpected offence to British readers. No doubt it is sometimes severely critical, but the criticism is not from a foe, but from one so cordially drawn to the country that he was ultra-sensitive to its defects. The title of the book is suggestive of the author's profound affection for the land of his ancestors. He regarded his coming here as, in a sense, a return to his native place: "My ancestor left England in 1630; I return in 1853. I sometimes feel as if I myself had been absent these 223 years, leaving England just emerging from the feudal system, and finding it, on my return, on the verge of republicanism." He seriously considered the practicability of settling here for good. He lingered so long as he could, and went reluctantly; and when he was dying he said: "If I could but go to England now, I think that the sea-voyage and the old home might set me right."

Hawthorne held the Consulship until 1857, when—as on previous occasions—Party considerations led to his resignation. He was not sorry to give up the position, which had never been congenial to him; and was tolerable only because it was remunerative. By the time he ceased to hold it, he had saved enough for future necessities. He might have saved more, had he been less openhanded; but the appeals to him from persons in distress were many, and were seldom unsuccessful. Doubtless he was often victimised, but he preferred to err on the side of overkindness rather than disappoint anyone who might be really in need. He gained a good many friends, and might have gone much into society if he had desired to do so. As it was, visiting, excepting with a few intimate associates, and especially public functions, were an abhorrence to him. As usual he dropped his literary work, but he was a keenly interested observer of manners, customs, and places. Taking up his residence at Rock Ferry, on the Cheshire side of the River Mersey, he made this a starting point for many excursions to neighbouring ancient hamlets such as Bebington and Eastham and to Chester and North Wales. The house he occupied at Rock Park has been identified beyond

the possibility of serious question, and the present centenary would be a fitting time to mark it with a tablet. Without neglecting his duties, Hawthorne found time for excursions to various parts of the country. His note-books of this period are suggestive of an undercurrent of discontent, due doubtless to the fact that while temporarily a man of business he, who was so truly a man of letters, was out of his element. On the whole, however, he probably enjoyed himself very well. At any rate his younger daughter testifies that "in Rock Ferry, my first remembered home, the personality of my father was the most cheerful element. . . . If he was at all 'morbid,' my advice would be to adopt morbidness at once." Nevertheless, he gave up his official position without regret, and a few months later went to Italy.

Rome, as every one knows, was the scene of Hawthorne's last, completed romance, "Transformation," or, as it is called in America, "The Marble Faun." The materials were gathered during the eighteen months that the Hawthornes spent in Italy. The book itself was written after their return to England, partly at Redcar and partly at Leamington. It was finished in February, 1860.

Before Hawthorne returned to America, his health had already begun to fail. The dangerous illness of his daughter Una, at Rome, had shaken him severely. When he reached Concord he started to complete a long-cherished scheme of writing a romance which should centre round an attempt to achieve an earthly immortality, either by the discovery of the elixir of life or in some other fashion. The question to be solved, whether such a perpetual existence was worth having at all, and if so on what terms, was one excellently adapted to Hawthorne's peculiar genius. But his strength was failing. One attempt after another was made and rejected. Some of these efforts have been printed since his death. "Septimius" is one; "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret" is another. Ultimately he began a new version in "The Dolliver Romance," but did not live to write or even sketch out more than a few chapters. The Civil War also interrupted him. He could not write stories while his country was in such peril and distress. In March, 1864, he went on a trip with his friend and publisher, Mr. W. D. Ticknor, in the course of which Mr. Ticknor died suddenly. If there had been any possibility of recovery before, this shock must have destroyed it. Franklin Pierce took him away for a leisurely journey among the White Mountains, but when they reached Plymouth, New Hampshire, on the night of the 18th of May, 1864, he died while he slept.

Hawthorne's writings may be described, in general terms, as studies of the moral law of the universe, and of the action of minds which, having lost touch with it, are "bewildered by certain errors," and, struggling to find their way, lapse into the abnormal condition which is commonly termed sin. Hawthorne's Puritan ancestors would not have admitted that sin was an abnormal condition. It haunted them, and they deemed it their duty to stamp it out with torture, witch-burnings, and hangings. It haunted him also, but his standpoint was far removed from theirs. Yet the Puritan conception of a relentless avenging deity was not stronger than Hawthorne's recognition of an over-ruling fate or destiny big with terrors for doers of evil. "An evil deed invests itself with the character of doom," he said. His faith, however, was stronger than theirs, for his confidence in the supremacy of good was unflinching. So strongly did he hold to this that he reached an ultimate idea which could not have been so much as dreamed of in the Puritan philosophy. Had it been suggested in those days, it must have ranked as the deadliest heresy. It was the conception of sin as an awakening and purifying influence, a possible power for good, without which the soul could not expand and fulfil its highest possibilities. The purifying influence of grief is a commonplace sentiment, but Hawthorne points to a kindred beneficent function in sin. "Is sin," asks Kenyon, when considering the crime of Miriam and Donotello, and the strange education it has been to the latter, "Is sin, then, which we deem such a dreadful blackness in the universe; is it, like sorrow, merely an element of human education, through which we struggle to a higher and purer state than we could have otherwise attained?" Hawthorne showed how, to the naturally healthy mind, along with sin committed comes an awakening, not to peril merely, but to a clearer vision of right, a fuller understanding of its own powers and limitations, and a truer sympathy with others' needs.

Hawthorne has told in "Our Old Home" how, when he was Consul at Liverpool, an American clergyman of some distinction called on him. He was starting on a holiday of a few months which he purposed spending in travel. He arranged to dine with Hawthorne the same evening; but before the time arrived for keeping this appointment, he had, somehow or another, gone astray, and for a week following he sank into unknown depths of debauchery. At the end of that time, he again found his way to the Consulate, so changed in appearance that Hawthorne did not recognise him. Had he been changed in character as well as in appearance by the experience of that fateful week? Or was it, as Hawthorne puts it, that "the disease long latent in his heart had shown itself in a frightful eruption on the surface of his life?" If so, while the calamity was obvious, there was, or might have been, a balancing benefit. When this erring clergyman returned home, says Hawthorne, his hearers "very probably were thereafter conscious of an increased unction in his soul-stirring eloquence, without suspecting the awful depths into which their pastor had dived in quest of it." In concluding the narrative, he adds: "I leave it to members of his own profession to decide whether it was better for him to thus sin outright and so be let into the miserable secret of what manner of man he was, or to have gone through life outwardly unspotted, making the first discovery of his latent evil at the judgment seat. It has occurred to me that his dire calamity, as both he and I regarded it, might have been the only method by which precisely such a man as himself, and so situated, could be redeemed."

So, too, in one of Hawthorne's short stories, it is

From a Miniature.

Daniel Hathorne (Hawthorne's Grandfather).

"A robust man, of fair, sanguine complexion, with strong, sharply cut features, and large blue eyes. The expression of his ruddy countenance is open and pleasant; but one sees that he was of a temperament easily moved to wrath or passion."—Julian Hawthorne's "Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife."

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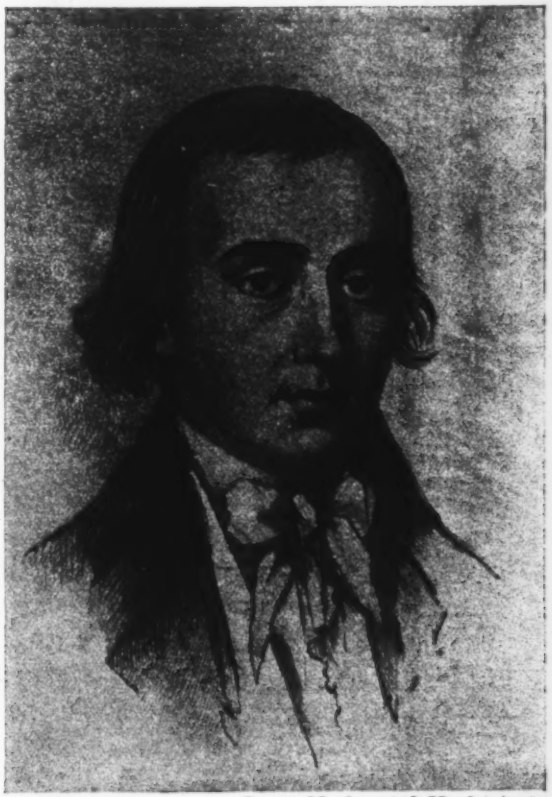

From a Miniature.

Capt. Nathaniel Hathorne (Hawthorne's Father).

"Nathaniel was a silent, reserved, severe man, of an athletic and rather slender build, and habitually of a rather melancholy cast of thought. . . . He was a captain in the merchant marine."—Julian Hawthorne's "Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife."

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From a Photo by Mayall.

Nathaniel Hawthorne at the Age of 56.

"Hawthorne's massive brow and fine aquiline nose were of such commanding strength as to make the mouth and chin seem a little weak by contrast. The upper lip was hidden by a thick moustache; the under lip was somewhat too pronounced, perhaps. The head was most shapely in front, but at the back was singularly flat. . . . The eyes were at once dark and lucid, very large, but never staring, incurious, soft, and pathetic as those of a deer."—Moncure D. Conway's "Life of Hawthorne."

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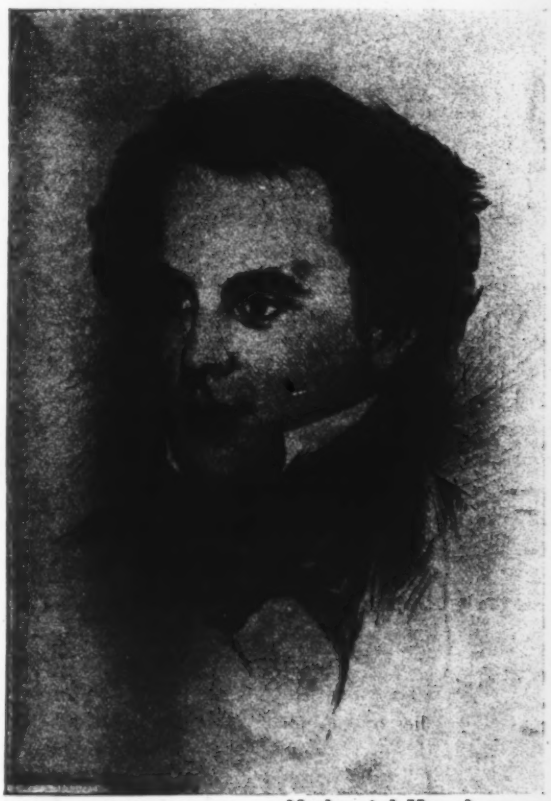

From a Painting at Salem.

Nathaniel Hawthorne at the Age of 36.

"He was the handsomest young man of his day, in that part of the world. . . . His hair, which had a long curving wave in it, approached blackness in colour; his head was large and grandly developed; his eyebrows were dark and heavy, with a superb arch and space beneath. His nose was straight, but the contour of his chin was Roman. He never wore a beard and was without a moustache until his fifty-fifth year. His eyes were large, dark blue, brilliant, and full of varied expression."—Julian Hawthorne's "Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife."

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The House of the Seven Gables at Salem, Mass.

"Half-way down a by-street of one of our New England towns, stands a rusty wooden house, with seven acutely-peaked gables, facing towards various points of the compass, and a huge, clustered chimney in the midst. The street is Pyncheon-street; the house is the old Pyncheon-house; and an elm-tree of wide circumference, rooted before the door, is familiar to every town-born child by the title of the Pyncheon-elm."

(Reprodued from "The House of the Seven Gables," by kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co.)

shown how a black veil which a clergyman resolves to wear as a symbol of secret sin, while it repels personal association, gives weight to the preacher's exhortations. And of Arthur Dimmesdale we are told that, as his remorse increased, his influence grew. The hidden burden he bore "gave him sympathies so intimate with the sinful brotherhood of mankind, so that his heart vibrated in unison with theirs, and received their pain into itself, and sent its own throb of pain through a thousand other hearts in gushes of sad, persuasive eloquence." On the other hand, the saintly Hilda, who "has no sin nor any conception of it," is bereft of this power of sympathy, and while she may serve as a model of virtue, is incapable of ministering to a soul diseased. In the case of Miriam, who had been her friend, and whose saviour she might have been, when the crisis came she proved helpless for good. "As an angel," exclaims Miriam, "you are not amiss, but as a human creature and a woman, among earthly men and women, you need a sin to soften you." Once more, in the case of Hollingsworth, who gave himself to a project for the reformation of criminals, it is remarked that "he ought to have commenced his investigation of the subject by perpetrating some huge sin in his proper person and examining the condition of his higher instincts afterwards." Ultimately Hollingsworth was awakened from his self-righteous egotism by the death of Zenobia which it had brought to pass. His plans came to naught, and the rest of his life was occupied not in reforming criminals by an appeal to their higher instincts, but, as he described it, with "one murderer"—himself.

Redemption by means of sin must, however, be by means of committed sin. A sin of intention does not produce the necessary shock to give it the revealing power. In a short sketch written in 1837, called "Fancy's Show Box," Hawthorne discussed how far a sin thought about and even arranged for execution, differs from one actually committed. His conclusion was that "there is no such thing in man's nature as a settled or full resolve, either for good or evil, except at the very moment of execution," and "it is not until the crime is accomplished that guilt clutches its gripe upon the guilty heart and claims it for its own." Yet he insists that man "must not disclaim his brotherhood even with the guiltiest, since, though his hand be clean, his heart has surely been polluted by the flitting phantoms of iniquity." Elsewhere Hawthorne has shown how, in another way—not as potential wrong-doers only, but as accessories to whatever wrong exists—sin establishes kinship among mankind: "What an intimate brotherhood is this in which we dwell; do what we may to put an artificial remoteness between the high creature and the low one! A poor man's breath, borne on the vehicle of tobacco smoke, floats into a palace window and reaches the nostrils of a monarch. It is but an example, obvious to the sense, of the innumerable and secret channels by which, at every moment of our lives, the flow and reflux of a common humanity pervade us all. How superficial are the niceties of such as pretend to keep aloof! Let the whole world be cleansed, or not a man or woman of us all can be clean."

A GREAT TEACHER.*

BY J. H. LOBBAN.

IT is close on a quarter of a century since Professor Bain resigned the Chair of Logic and English in the University of Aberdeen which for twenty years he had filled with no ordinary distinction. In the philosophy class-rooms of to-day his name is seldom mentioned, for in philosophy more than in any department of knowledge is it true that systems have their day. Even in the philosophical text-books now in use in this country it is rarely met with, for the school of whose philosophy he is by far the most systematic exponent has now scarcely an academic abode to call its own. Yet, no longer than twenty years ago Bain, as much as Spencer, had what used to be called a European reputation, and men of every nationality found their way to Ferryhill Lodge, Aberdeen, to see the greatest representative of the school identified with the names of Hartley, Mill, and Bain. And if in a sense it is true that he outlived his reputation, Bain has written his name

* "Autobiography." By Alexander Bain, LL.D. 14s. net. (Longmans.)

for all time in the history of English philosophy. In respect of a masterly gift of analysis and a genius for the ordering of facts, Bain had no superior in his century. Of the value of his contribution to the history of thought no better or more adequate appreciation has ever been made than that contained in a footnote familiar to every reader of Mill's "System of Logic."

The Autobiography, which stops in 1890, and contains a supplementary chapter by the editor, Professor Davidson, is a curiously interesting document. As men, Bain and Spencer had many traits in common, but their histories of themselves are strangely unlike. Much of the interest of Spencer's volume lay in its naïve confession of vanity. Bain's "Life" is a study in reticence. He traces his remarkable career step by step without the slightest display of elation or emotion; he sacrifices not a word to friendship; he gives us not a single familiar letter; not for a moment are we invited into the privacy of his home. All this is disappointing enough, but the very coldness of the chronicle invests it with a curious fascination. We can recall nothing quite like it in the range of English biography. And that it is thoroughly characteristic of the man, every one that had the privilege of being his friend or his student will attest. That the self-drawn portrait is anything like adequate or complete may be instantly denied. Bain modestly tabulates the incidents in a career more wonderful than that recorded of most of the heroes of "self-help." Only a very slight power of reading between the lines is necessary to reveal to the reader the full significance of Bain's gallant struggle against adverse circumstances and the splendid manner in which he made himself the master of his fate and captured fame.

The life of a university teacher seldom abounds in interest. His name can live only by his books and in the memory of the pupils he influenced. Bain has both these claims to remembrance, but his life is further remarkable as being an illustrious example of all that is best in the Scottish educational system. At the age of eighteen, Bain was working at the hand-loom with his father, who had been a private soldier. A few years later, we find him in London, with a brilliant academic career behind him, the friend of John Stuart Mill, and Grote, and Carlyle. Beside these facts, the alleged extravagances of Kail-yard fiction shrink into nothingness. Every step of promotion Bain won by unremitting labour, and when at last he gained a chair in his own university, the honour was only a tardy recognition of many brilliant services to the literature of philosophy.

His career as a professor was a long-continued triumph, and his influence on educational matters reigned supreme over the northern counties, and extended, through his books and pupils, to every British colony. For a long number of years his text-books on Grammar, Rhetoric, and Logic had a vogue greater than any of their kind, and they are still unapproached in respect of their encyclopædic fulness of detail. In addition to the works on which his reputation most surely is based, namely, "The Senses and the Intellect" and "The Emotions and the Will," and besides his numerous text-books, Bain was a most voluminous writer. He wrote the lives of James Mill and his greater son, he edited Grote, he founded and edited "Mind." His writings fill more than ten pages of Mr. P. J. Anderson's useful bibliography. Unfortunately Bain had no gift of style. His works on philosophy exercise a curious spell by virtue of their splendid lucidity, but they have none of the immediate attraction of the "grand style" of Mill.

The Scarlet Letter.

"In Hester Prynne's instance, however, as not unfrequently in other cases, her sentence bore, that she should stand a certain time upon the platform, but without undergoing that gripe about the neck and confinement of the head, the proneness to which was the most devilish characteristic of this ugly engine. Knowing well her part, she ascended a flight of wooden steps, and was thus displayed to the surrounding multitude, at about the height of a man's shoulders above the street."

(Reprodued from "The Scarlet Letter," by kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co.)

The "Autobiography" furnishes an interesting chapter to the history of Scottish education. All over the world there are men occupying posts of high responsibility whose proudest recollection is that they once sat under Professor Bain. To them this "Autobiography" will vividly recall the memories of their student days, and will bring them back once more to the benches of the Logic class-room at King's College. As they read the book, they will again see the alert figure of the master on the professorial dais, and listen to his sharp voice expounding with unrivalled clearness the Laws of Association or rebuking an erring brother with a flick of his merciless sarcasm.

SWINBURNE.*

By James Douglas.

LIFE, like the Dover road, has its milestones; those memories of moods which break up its monotony into periods. I often wonder whether the past is not more deeply rich than either the present or the future. Indeed, I am sure it is, for the present is "sliding sand" and the future is a fiction. Do we not misvalue our past? How little we remember, and how much we forget! Here as I sit this sultry June evening, languidly turning over the leaves of this first volume of the first collected edition of Mr. Swinburne's poems, I look back along that vague road of moods, and I see a strange being capering on an Irish mountain. He is declaiming poetry, with tears running down his smooth cheek, while the long rhythmic thunder of the verse beats to the tune of the sea below, the clouds above, the level rushing wind, and the undulating waves of heather. He is clearly a foolish youth, but he seems to be drunk with ecstasy, intoxicated with the poetry of art and the poetry of nature. He is quite as irrational as the skylark or the snipe or the swallow. He is mixed with nature.

Now that mood of mine is worth many expensive dinners, many bins of wine, many boxes of cigars. It is unpurchaseable. The Rothschilds could not buy it from me, nor would I sell it if I could. For it is the very essence of life, it is the mood of poetry, that consciousness of beauty which is our sixth sense. And it so happens that when I was a boy Swinburne was my first passion. I have had others, but the lyrical youth of his poetry set my blood dancing the wildest measure of all, and even now, after listening to all the cautions of criticism, it is ready to dance again to the old tunes.

As I read these "Poems and Ballads," I see clearly that the secret of Swinburne is youth, eternal youth, the youth of the soul. Perhaps the oldest and saddest superstition of man is the belief that youth is a quality of the flesh, a serf of time. Youth is not years; it is temperament. Why should the spirit age? It is absurd to treat the soul as if it were a sandwich. I know that it is customary to divide life into the seven ages; but Shakespeare's lines are stupid gibberish. Man has not seven ages. He has life. When he has life in its full tide he is young. Shallow persons solemnly shudder at Mr. Swinburne's anachronic youth. "When will he grow up?" they ask. As if every human being ought not to pray to be saved from growing-up!

There is sadness in the spectacle of poetic senility. I often wish that the portraits of poets could be painted only in youth, for then nature imitates the soul of youth behind the mask of flesh. In old age nature caricatures the veiled soul. If Shelley and Keats had lived to grow grey hairs, we should know them only through portraits of doddering old fogeys, not through portraits of radiant boys. I think all portraits of poets over thirty ought to be destroyed. For, as I have said, after a certain period of pity and grace, nature caricatures her own handiwork, just as she caricatures it at birth, for a baby is a caricature of man nearly as savage as an octogenarian.

The finest defiance in this poetry of youth is the fact that the "Dedicatory Epistle" is more youthful than the poems themselves. The glory of youth is comradeship. The best friendships are boyish. Boys are inveterate hero-worshippers. Mr. Swinburne takes the work of nearly forty years and lays it at the feet of his "best and dearest friend," Theodore Watts-Dunton. "It is nothing to me," he says, "that what I write should find immediate or general acceptance: it is much to know that on the whole it has won for me the right to address this dedication and inscribe this edition to you." In most small men such loyal negligence of public taste would ring false. But Mr. Swinburne is not really negligent: he is merely remote. He lives in that "golden clime" where only the poets dwell. Shakespeare would be more at home with us than he is. For him the nineteenth century is only a casual nightmare. He sings, not for posterity, but for antiquity. "When I write plays it is with a view to their being acted at the 'Globe,' the 'Red Bull,' or the 'Black Friars.'" Eliminate from his work the poetry of friendship, and all that remains of value is a dateless insurgence of youth against the tyranny of time. This timelessness is not an affectation. To him Sidney is as real as Saffi, Tiresias as familiar as Mazzini, and Sappho as actual as Christina Rossetti. The poet, in short, is the contemporary of all ages. He is as young as the young past, the young present, and the young future. He knows no distinction "between books and life." Life to him is literature and literature is life.

If I were asked to define Mr. Swinburne, I should describe him as an impersonal personality. He is an artist who expresses himself only in his art. His emotion seems to be purely imaginative. One cannot identify his personal experiences. His soul is private. He guards her gates. That is why in his fieriest music there is a sense of reticence and reserve. The passion, the pleasure, and the pain are generalised. The inspiration comes from without, not from within, but the shaping imagination which seizes it is so intensely personal, that it stamps itself on almost every line. Mr. Swinburne, indeed, is in this respect like Shakespeare, who invariably found his inspiration outside and not inside his own experience. There is nothing in Shakespeare (except, perhaps, the sonnets), and there is nothing in Swinburne (save his poems of friendship), which can be positively identified as the utterance of personal emotion, such as Burns's "Had we never loved sae blindly," or Tennyson's "O that 'twere possible." There are, indeed, two kinds of lyric poets. There is the lyric poet whose emotion is an artistic effect produced by an artistic imagination. There is also the lyric poet whose emotion is produced, not by artistic imagination, but by experience, by life itself, and who

* "The Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne." Vol. I. Poems and Ballads. First Series. 6s. net. (Chatto and Windus.)

Hawthorne's Residence, "The Wayside," Concord.

In the summer of 1852, Hawthorne purchased Bronson Alcott's house at Concord, "Hillside," and re-christened it "Wayside."

"The Wayside was not white; it was painted a dingy buff colour. The birches and Norway pines, several hundred of which had been sent out from England, were planted along the paths, and were for the most part doing well. The well-remembered hillside, with its rude terraces, shadowed by apple-trees, and its summit green with pines, rose behind the house; and in front, on the other side of the highway, extended a broad meadow of seven acres, bounded by a brook, above which hung drooping willows. It was, upon the whole, as pleasant a place as in the village, and much might be done to enhance its beauty."—Julian Hawthorne's "Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife."

(Rischgitz Collection.)

uses his imagination, not to produce, but only to shape his natural emotion. Mr. Swinburne belongs to the first class: Burns belongs to the second. Of course there are overlappings and impingements, but in the main I think this classification holds good.

Of course, the accepted dogma is that lyrical poetry is subjective and dramatic poetry objective. But this dogma is absurd, for the great mass of our lyrical poetry is objective, and Mr. Swinburne, the greatest lyrist of all, is the most objective of all. That is why he asks posterity (or antiquity) to decide his claims as a lyric poet by his odes on Athens and the Armada. Still more remarkable than this demand is the passage in which he repudiates the dogma which I have assailed:—

> To parade or to disclaim experience of passion or of sorrow, of pleasure or of pain, is the habit and the sign of a school which has never found a disciple among the better sort of English poets, and which I know to be no less pitifully contemptible in your opinion than in mine.

That is a knock-down blow for the conventional view of Mr. Swinburne. If there be one thing about which it is sure, it is the Swinburnian parade of pleasure and passion in such poems as "Dolores." But the poet angrily denounces as a thing "pitifully contemptible," what it imagines to be his central quality. All the pother of the sixties was due to sheer ignorance of poetic methods. The Buchanans confused the man with the artist, imagination with experience. The truth is that "Dolores" is quite boyishly naive in its Byronic artificiality. Its rhythmical life is equalled only by its joyous juvenility. It was written by a young poet who was revelling in his mastery over double rhymes. Taking Byron's stanza, "The day of my destiny's over," he truncated the last line, and delighted with his experiment, he went on from one rhyme to another, until he had exhausted them. And still more amusing is the fact that "Dolores" is a lyrical version of the seventh chapter of Proverbs, showing that perfect vice is harder to attain than perfect virtue, and that it is harder to resist the temptations of good than to resist the temptations of evil. Mr. Swinburne, indeed, proves that sin requires great moral courage, heroic fortitude, faith unbounded, and illimitable patience. He demonstrates that vice is its own reward, and that sinful perfection is not attainable by any mortal. The common theory is that virtue is not so attractive as vice. Mr. Swinburne shows us the voluptuary vainly struggling against the wiles of virtue, haggard with the hopeless endeavour to be bad. For my part, I think he is a higher moral teacher than those who underrate the temptations of good and overrate the allurements of evil.

It is not the first time in the history of the world that a moralist has been stoned by the guardians of morality. And I think that Mr. Swinburne is one of

From a Drawing by Walter Crane.

Pandora and Epimetheus.

"As Pandora raised the lid, the cottage grew very dark and dismal; for the black cloud had now swept quite over the sun, and seemed to have buried it alive. There had, for a little while past, been a low growling and muttering, which all at once broke into a heavy peal of thunder. But Pandora, heeding nothing of all this, lifted the lid nearly upright and looked inside. It seemed as if a sudden swarm of winged creatures brushed past her, taking flight out of the box, while, at the same instant, she heard the voice of Epimetheus, with a lamentable tone, as if he were in pain.

"'Oh, I am stung!' cried he. 'I am stung! Naughty Pandora! Why have you opened this wicked box?'"—"The Paradise of Children."

(Reproduced from "A Wonder Book for Girls and Boys," by kind permission of Messrs. Harper Brothers.)

the great poets who are prophets. His place is beside Aeschylus, Milton and Shelley. His poetry has in it the true prophetic grandeur, the large manner, the sweeping vision, the vast and solemn symbolism, the stately indignation, the anger and the awe. And surely since the Greeks no poet has poured his soul into music so sonorous, so many-toned, so overwhelming in its weight of sound, so thunderous in its massed harmonies. In Swinburne's poetry I find more than the deep spiritual emotion of sonata and symphony, oratorio and opera, for it sets free all the frozen senses of the frozen soul, it induces moods far beyond the reach of stated facts, and its magic is wrought not by any logical process, but by culminating waves of sensation. The verbal music seems to mount and mount into the firmament of the senses until the ecstasy and the rapture transcend the reason as the sunlight transcends the vision. Even Coleridge and Shelley do not carry one higher into the ether of poetry, for the orchestral thunders of Swinburne are infinitely varied, from the slow, sad funereal rhythms of the Kommos in "Atalanta," to the tremendous billow-sweep of "The Hymn to Proserpine," from the rage of storm and battle in "Erechtheus" to the deep-voiced grief of "Ave atque Vale," from the plangent seership of "The Eve of Revolution" and "The Hymn of Man," to the tender beat of sorrow's very heart in "Super Flumina Babylonis." There can be no doubt that the singer of these and a hundred other splendid songs is the greatest lyrist in our literature.

New Books.

DARK AGES.*

With the "Dark Ages" is lowered into position, rather late in the day, the foundation stone of the ambitious series of "Periods of European Literature" (edited by Prof. Saintsbury), professing to give "A complete and continuous history of the subject" in twelve volumes. Not more than two of these, X. and XII., now remain to be written. When these are finished there will be at least twelve pundits among us whose combined knowledge of European Literature will be a thing awful to contemplate. But will they succeed in adding to their number? This is a question which we cannot but hesitate to answer affirmatively, so Miltonic is the standard of linguistic achievement which these manuals set up. A "complete and continuous" knowledge of English Literature alone would be felt by many sufficient to tax the strength of a lifetime; but in these volumes we find Icelandic, Portuguese, Old Irish, and Romaic literature criticised with an assumption of familiarity on the part of gentle readers, strongly reminiscent of Milton's casual assumption in his tract "On Education," "and either now or before this they may have easily learned, at any odd hour, the Italian (or in the next paragraph the Hebrew) tongue." For the style of criticism adopted in these volumes, it must be premised, is quite unsuited for readers unfamiliar with the originals. They do not deal in chronological outlines or biographical sketches. The historical and biographical interest is rigorously excluded; appeal is made almost exclusively to the critical student of comparative literature. Such restrictions make it hardly an exaggeration to denominate the series as one written exclusively by professors for professors.

How many occupants of literary chairs in these islands are capable of enlightening the professors of Europe upon the literature of the Dark Ages? Our strong impression is that there is only one—Professor Ker. (How many reviewers there are in the field capable of adequately criticising such a book is manifestly a thing it were unwise too particularly to enquire.) The editor of the series, whose own encyclopedism is of no slender dimensions, rather accentuated his avoidance of the darkness of the Dark Ages by making himself responsible for the second volume of the twelve, to which he committed his inaugural dissertation upon the series as a whole. Professor Ker, we observe, modestly deprecates any special claim to intrepidity. He does not, as far as we can see, make any reference to Samuel Roffey Maitland, but he repeats to us his assurance that the Dark Ages are not so terribly dark after all. He has explored the forests of this dark continent (500-1200 A.D.), and reports that the tales of dwarfs and hippogriffs have been "prodigiously exaggerated." Modern History, Modern Poetry, Modern Languages, Modern Grammar, all begin somewhere between 1100 and 1200, so that doubts are suggested as to whether even the term mediæval is not somewhat of a misnomer for the last century of the so-called dark period. There are two kinds of darkness, however—one resulting from the darkness of the thing looked at, the other from the darkness or shortness of sight of the observer. Professor Ker is right, no doubt, in minimising the first; but he is far too ready to ignore the last. He keeps his eyes fixed firmly upon those foreign professors (Grimm, Schmeller, Zangemeister, Bügge, and the rest), and forgets, alas, our ignorant selves.

Things do not really change much, perhaps, but with the lapse of fifty generations or so new ideas will crop up, just a few. Old fashions are somehow forgotten. Truth remains *perdu;* but folly and error, chameleon-like, assume new tints, and reflect prismatically all the colours of the rain-

* "The Dark Ages." By W. P. Ker. Periods of European Literature. 5s. net. (Blackwood.)

bow. Professor Ker begins by treating of "The Elements"—conceptions to some extent common to the period.

The reader will find it to his account to go through this essay with the utmost care, as it contains the gist of the whole book, and is packed with generalisations of no little fertility; he will find it, possibly, somewhat compressed in matter and *pénible* in point of expression, "elementary" only in a sense peculiar to the period, with rare gleams of erudite humour which hardly and with difficulty penetrate the infra-professorial mind. A professor of comparative literature, when he does condescend to make a comparison, does not intend it as a substitute for a game of dominoes. When, therefore, our author compares the style of Cynewulf with that of Marini, that of Ekkehard with that of Prideaux, or the prosody of the Venerable Bede with that of Beaudelaire, he does not intend that we shall have a mere commonplace to masticate for our pains. But there is much to learn here, and much to reflect upon. We see through a veil, and somewhat darkly, but we think we can discern that these low down centuries, from the sixth to the tenth, rocked the cradle of the wonderful and mysterious element which commenced in the 19th century with Coleridge and Keats so actively to regenerate modern poetry. Everything in the poets, Professor Ker maintains, that is most enthralling through the mere charm of wonder is more or less nearly related to mythology; mythology, in fact, is nothing more nor less than romance; and the progress of poetical mythology "is the victory of imagination over religion in matters where both are concerned; the substitution of imaginative theory for religious belief. Imagination and the pure delight in stories drove out fear." A progress of this kind, best seen in the early Icelandic and Celtic literature, and productive wherever it penetrates at all deeply of some of that "natural magic," of which Matthew Arnold spoke so wistfully (the German nations having acquired, as Mr. Ker observes, a "common, modest reluctance to believe that they can be imaginative on their own account"), supplies perhaps what is the greatest element of novelty—if that can be called novelty which is at least much older than Homer—in this period. Among its regular literary forms, however, in addition to heroic poetry, are Visions, Riddles, Hymns, Bestiaries, Cosmographies, and educational works in Latin of a great variety. The number of educational writers in the sixth century seems to have been very large, and Mr. Ker only touches upon a few of the more characteristic in his second chapter (on Latin Authors), omitting to speak, for instance, of the fantastic whimsicalities of Virgilianus Maro. A considerable revival of Latin literature was the natural sequel of the eminence during the reign of Theodoric of such writers as Boethius and Cassiodorus.

Extremely little as either of these authors are studied now (though both, we may remark in passing, were favourites of the late George Gissing, who was almost an authority on Cassiodorus, having studied the "Epistolae Variae" with minute attention for the great sixth century romance which it was the ambition of his life to achieve), Cassiodorus was long maintained as a class-book in France, and his chief work has recently been finely edited by Mr. Hodgkin; while Boethius was universally popular in Europe, and almost as well known as Virgil until the threshold of the Augustan Age. His "De Consolatione Philosophiae," moreover, was translated by two of the greatest sovereigns, Alfred and Elizabeth. We cannot but regret that the restrictions of the series should have prevented the relation of the story of the life of this philosopher; it is difficult to glean from these profoundly critical periods even when the poor man lived and when he died. We must admit that we do not like our literature so severely phlebotomised as this. How few people can need a precise criticism of the metrical peculiarities of Boethius! To the ignorant many, how greatly is the interest of his work enhanced by the knowledge that this highly successful minister of the sixth century reparaphrased and polished all the most elevated thoughts of ancient philosophy not in the leisure of a library, but in the solitude of a prison, in expectation of a final outbreak of the savage suspicion of his erst benevolent master, Theodoric the Goth. There, too, he struck out the cadence of those unforgettable, oft-imitated lines: "Where do the bones of the incorruptible Fabricius lie now? What is Brutus or the unbending Cato? . . . If a man's name outlives him he suffers a second death when that, too, is forgotten."

From a Drawing by T. H. Robinson. **Hester Prynne.**

"They had begun to look upon the scarlet letter as the token, not of that one sin, for which she had borne so long and dreary a penance, but of her many good deeds since. 'Do you see that woman with the embroidered badge?' they would say to strangers. 'It is our Hester,—the town's own Hester,—who is so kind to the poor, so helpful to the sick, so comfortable to the afflicted!'"

(Reproduced from "The Scarlet Letter," by kind permission of Messrs. Sands and Co.)

Cassiodorus, most ornate of amanuenses, was a servant of the same master. Theodoric wished to reprove a prefect for his delay in forwarding shipments of corn from Apulia. Cassiodorus wrote: "Why is there such great delay in sending your swift ships to traverse the tranquil seas? Though the south wind blows and the rowers are bending their oars, has the sucking fish fixed its teeth into the hulls through the liquid waves, or have the shells of the Indian sea, whose passive touch is said to hold so firmly that the angry billows cannot loosen it, with like power fixed their lips into your keels? Or can it be that your sailors have grown dull and torpid by the touch of the torpedo? . . ."

But we hear our professor reproving this as "good cheap," when we should be interpreting his views as to the metres of Latin hymns, in which the accentual verse of the period before Ennius (when came about the Hellenisation of Roman ideals) was born again and conquered all Western Europe. Very instructive are his accounts of Caedmon and Byrhtnoth, the Elder Edda, the Irish, Welsh, and Romaic poetry. Far be it from us to contest his view, that than the lay of "The Battle of Maldon" there is no stronger composition in English till the work of Chaucer—observing merely that it is strange to call "English" that of which no ordinary Englishman from Chaucer's day to this could understand a single line, and that to adopt the name of English for a low German dialect of the Dark Ages is to usurp an antiquity for our excellent vernacular of to-day to which it can lay no just claim.

Mr. Ker justifies his position as Pioneer of this series, the corner-stone of which has been well and duly laid by him. He is a master of his subject. The true critic takes off his cap and does homage to such learning. It is the humble learner who hazards the expression of a wish that he had descended more often from his critical colloquies with the Muses on Parnassus, to clothe his figures consistently (as Professor Ker shows he can do so well in the cases of Liutprand and Ekkehard) with flesh and blood, and if need be even to coax the traveller with a little of the "good cheap" element as an inducement to roam these strange, inhospitable tracts of the literary continent at all.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

THE NEW MAETERLINCK.*

Monsieur Maeterlinck's new volume of essays is of first-rate importance for the study of an interesting career. Lately he climbed a new hill, and saw new horizons. Here we watch him adopt the new country definitely, joyfully, with all the earnestness and hopefulness of the new recruit. Not all the book is given to the utterance of his later faith; but limits of space permit us merely to allude in passing to much charming talk on gardens, flowers, dogs, bees, and the novel joys of the motor-car, to a trivial defence of duelling, and some prosy reflections on the illness of King Edward VII., and compel us to hasten to a consideration of the chapters which contain the most characteristic stuff, notably those entitled "Universal Suffrage"—a fine mingling this of philosophy, generous democratic feeling, and common sense—"Sincerity," "The Modern Drama," and "The Leaf of Olive." The same faith is in them all—the cheerful faith of the man of science humanised by an imaginative training. Positivism has rarely been stated more reasonably or more attractively than here by Monsieur Maeterlinck playing the intelligent apologist of his age, which he accepts in all its crudity, declaring it to be very good, and altogether promising.

His is one of the most curious conversions of our time. The Maeterlinck who wandered in a world of ghosts, and uttered the shadowy drama of dreams, is dead. A new man is born, lustier of speech, facing the coarse light of our day unblinking; looking back on his past achievements as mere restless startings and tossings in the dark. Let Positivists rejoice. They have gained a fine spokesman. Alas, the world is the loser when one creative impulse dies; and we dare not hope that "La Mort de Tintagil" shall ever have a worthy successor. In him creative impulse was perhaps a delicate wild plant that would not bear transplantation. Verlaine, talking of the earlier Maeterlinck, to another living poet, said, "He acts on the nerves, not on the imagination or the heart." There was some truth in the hard saying. Now that scientific study, and a growing interest in modern life have drawn him out of the shadowy, shuddering region, he despises his old uncanny powers. He has readjusted himself to his new surroundings, acclimatised himself in the new atmosphere, and now appears as the cheerful, robust, and urbane interpreter of the most vigorous and the most obvious impulses of the time. Even in his shadowy epoch there was always visible an under-current of human sympathy. Verlaine underrated that. This has increased tremendously. Hence the new Maeterlinck, a fearless democrat, eager for the new, alike in political experiment and in locomotion. The Future is his bride. The time-spirit is wise, he says, and must be given its head—even if beauty perish. And he is sincere in this. Nowhere do you find any indication that the new world will evolve beauty as did the old. Well, he is determined to do without it. The dead poet in him must turn in his grave.

To see just what this sacrifice means, read his extremely interesting essay on "The Modern Drama." First he asserts the importance of picturesque externals—which have mostly vanished. "What poetry, if we probe to the root of things—what poetry is there that does not borrow nearly all its charm, nearly all its ecstasy, from elements that are wholly external? Last of all, there is no longer a God to widen, or master, the action; nor is there an inexorable fate to form a mysterious, solemn, and tragical background for the slightest gesture of man." Then he dismisses the present-day romantic drama as a mere decked-out corpse. Drama must be made out of life, as life is known to the dramatist. Psychology and moral problems present subjects, doubtless, for the drama; but "its essential demand will always be *action*. . . And there are no words so profound, so noble and admirable, but they will soon weary us if they leave the situation unchanged, if they lead to no action, bring about no decisive conflict, or hasten no definite solution." But, he continues, the source of much action, in the dramatic sense, is vanishing. The old heroic passions and prejudices for which men died, are themselves dying. We are penetrating more and more into the consciousness of man, and "the farther we penetrate the less struggle we discover." Enlightened consciousness "will yield to infinitely fewer laws, admit infinitely fewer doubtful or harmful duties." And "when the sun has entered into the consciousness of him who is wise, as we may hope that some day it will enter into that of all men, it will reveal one duty, and one alone, which is that we should do the least possible harm and love others as we love ourselves; and from this duty no drama can spring." Never mind the premisses, each one of which can be combatted. The essential is to observe the cheerful resignation of the conclusion. Remember, too, that in drama he includes poetry, or nearly all of it. There is no satire here, no conscious pessimism. All is well. We are entering a glorious time, when we shall know; and when our destinies shall be mainly in our own hands. Once we sought for the key to the great riddle within our own minds. Now we seek for it without, in the external world, science our guide. "We were, it might be said, like blind men who should imagine the outer world from inside a shut room. Now, we are these same blind men whom an ever-silent guide leads by turns into the forest, across the plain, on the mountain and beside the sea."

In "The Foretelling of the Future" he touches on the bewildering but almost certain metaphysical fact, that "Time is a mystery which we have arbitrarily divided into a Past and Future, in order to understand something of it." It is a brain-whirling speculation; but this much our weak heads can get out of the truth—that what had power, and answered to real human needs, in what we call the Past, must be eternally present in what we call the Future. The old world is not gone so much as Monsieur Maeterlinck thinks. What was potent in it will reassert itself. And some of the old guesses at Truth, conceived when man was seeking the key in his own mind, were dreams suggested as much from without as from within. This was the mysterious, prescientific method of entering into relations with the universe. And some of these old guesses may yet be proved to approach very nearly to the final truth. Science in its slow patient progress may but confirm or annotate them. Much depends, as Monsieur Maeterlinck says, on our point of view on matters like this. And if some of us conceive science as annotative rather than creative, we shall be grateful to it, make use of it, but without subservience to all that is done in its name—to the wanton destruction of beauty, for instance, and the restriction of the imagination to fields licensed by the reason of the hour.

A. MACDONELL.

* "The Double Garden." By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. 5s. (George Allen.)

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.*

With commendable regularity each of Mr. Drummond Norie's volumes has followed its predecessor, and now the fourth and final one has been issued. One of the most distinctive features of the book is its illustrations; and of these the fulness, the beauty, and the appropriateness have been maintained to the end. In the text, the interest of the narrative has never flagged, nor has the calm and candid tone of the writer been ever ruffled.

Fully three-fifths of this concluding instalment of the work are devoted to the period between the beginning of May, 1746, and the 20th of the following September—a period covering less than five months, but singularly full of stirring adventures and hair-breadth escapes. That the unfortunate Prince should have survived the terrible hardships he endured in his wanderings through the Hebrides and the Highlands, seems almost as wonderful as his continuous eluding of the military who tried so hard to capture him. Perhaps the most interesting chapter, as well as one of the most exciting, is that containing the heroic story of Flora Mac-

* "The Life and Adventures of Prince Charles Edward Stuart." By W. Drummond Norie. In four volumes. Vol. IV. 25s. net each vol. (The Caxton Publishing Co.)

donald's timely help. Mr Norie is so far from accepting all that has been written about this romantic episode, that he bluntly characterises some of it as "purely imaginary nonsense"; and he declines to believe some of the incidents gravely related by Robert Chambers and the Rev. Alexander MacGregor.

Nine days after embarking near Borrodale on the good ship *L'Heureux*, the Prince landed safely at Roscoff in Britany; and the sad tale of the four succeeding years, with its blasted hopes and many disappointments, is told with comparative brevity. The still sadder story of the seven-and-thirty years which were yet to follow is told with still greater, but with pardonable, brevity. On this miserable period of the Prince's life, "too much has already been written," Mr. Norie thinks, "by men whose Hanoverian prejudices have inclined them to gloat over the moral and political downfall of Charles Edward Stuart"; but he admits that "from the year 1759 the history of the Prince becomes merely the melancholy story of one of life's saddest and most dismal failures"; and into the sordid details his charity will not permit him to pry too closely. The Prince's habit of over-indulgence in strong drink was contracted, he thinks, in the exhausting wanderings in the damp atmosphere of the Western Highlands, and strengthened by the malign influences to which he was subjected in France. When overcome by drink, he lost control of his passions, and became very cruel and heartless. Nevertheless, in Mr. Norie's opinion, "there is perhaps no greater blot on the Prince's character than the extraordinary ingratitude he showed to his faithful officer and loyal friend, Lord George Murray." Mr. Norie evinces his own love of justice and fairplay in his treatment of Murray of Broughton, who, he avers, behaved loyally and zealously in the Jacobite cause until imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle. Then it was that "physically weakened and mentally unhinged by pain and anxiety," with death in its most awful form looming before his eyes, the tempted wretch fell, "as many a better man has fallen before and since." And though "he did not hesitate to disclose the names of those timorous English Jacobites to whose pusillanimous behaviour in the hour of need he attributed the failure of the enterprise," yet, "few if any of the really honest adherents of King James were one whit the worse of Murray's evidence, and those who did suffer by it in most cases deserved little pity from the Jacobite party." As a Jacobite and an ardent Highlander, Mr. Norie is, of course, loath to admit that young Glengarry was indeed Pickle the Spy; but he owns that Mr. Lang's "ingenious arguments, although not absolutely conclusive, cannot be easily refuted." He hopes, however, that the researches, now being made by some of Glengarry's clansmen, may result in a discovery which will for ever remove the hateful stigma.

Mr. Norie's completed work will deservedly take its place in the front rank of books on Prince Charlie and the Forty-Five.

D. HAY FLEMING.

MR. MALLOCK'S APOLOGY FOR RELIGION.*

"Whatever you prove to me thus I shall hate and disbelieve." So runs the Horatian verse, but Mr. Mallock does not mind Horace. A year or two since he undertook to show that religion is credible in spite of the clergy, the agnostics, and the nature of things as revealed by science. I thought his negative arguments fallacious and not original; his positive contention had more weight. It was a sort of paradox, dear to its author from the brilliant days of "The New Republic," specially adapted to men and women of the world—a demonstration that vice itself would have no charm were virtue not real, and that religion is the secret element on which manners, culture, civilisation are stayed. How to reconcile Mr. Mallock's premisses with his conclusion was a subject for inquiry; but to me it appeared, and it does so now, that he was bringing out an aspect of the truth which had been overlooked, yet is momentous and seasonable. This did not absolve the author from faults of taste, or justify outrages on religious feeling which went far beyond the criticism of clerical theologies. He had written a disedifying book; nevertheless, its closing chapter could not be refuted.

Much the same must be said of Mr. Mallock's novel—if novel we may term it. The story is of no account; the transitions, managed by meals, can scarcely be thought felicitous; the persons are masks or caricatures. As a work of art, this volume will not compare for an instant with "The New Republic." It has brilliancy of style, striking bits of landscape, witty sayings. But for the deeper, the more lasting qualities which go to the making of a true or noble book, we shall seek in vain. When its chapters were published in the *Monthly Review*, they elicited, so the author tells us, a special outburst of disapproval. I did not read them there; but I understand that some matters of dispute have been withdrawn in the present edition. Enough, however, remains to warrant us in concluding that no Church, High, Low, or Broad, would accept Mr. Mallock as a faithful reporter of its beliefs or its apologetics. Even the late Mr. Spencer, who comes on the stage as Mr. Cosmo Brock, might appeal to the Autobiography which he had in reserve, by way of proof that he was not so ill-mannered and short-sighted a pedant, as he is here represented to be. Moreover, if the writer's view of science be correct, with Mr. Cosmo Brock he will have to stand or fall. He ought not to lay hands on his father Parmenides.

Is Mr. Mallock's object, as critics have alleged, "to bring religious belief of all kinds into contempt"? He denies it, and he takes shelter behind Emerson, Carlyle, and Auguste Sabatier, to whom he attributes a method not unlike his own. But there is a second charge of "systematic and unbecoming levity"; how is that to be parried? By suggesting that the language of the pulpit is one thing, the language of fashionable life quite another. Yes, there is a difference. But if the reasoning of his last chapter avails in any degree, it proves that religion, like art, must be approached in a fitting spirit; that faith to be effective ought to be reverent; and that formal arguments will be as unreal as painted diagrams unless the teacher has that in him which makes them edifying. Mr. Mallock handles religion as the decadent handles esthetics. He is like a man who, wanting to recommend the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist, should chemically analyse the sacred elements and conclude that, since carbon, oxygen, and nitrogen are not the body of Christ, it must be present in some other way, transcending matter. The process might be sound, but we should not thank the chemist. Religious minds have been shocked at an attempt to restore belief by first profaning it. If the author does not see why, it is regrettable; for the grounds are solid enough.

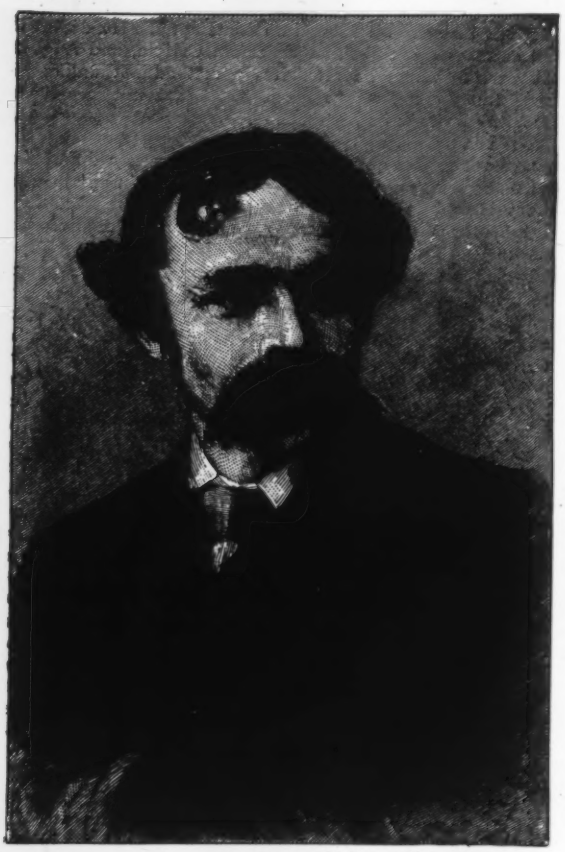
"Brilliant, irritating, and futile," are terms which have been applied to works of this double nature, "displeasing to God and to His enemies." The agnostic perceives in them a force that ruins Christianity from summit to foundation; and he enquires how, when that is done, Apollyon can pretend to bring out a new world by means of principles known to be invalid. The Christian in turn, while assured of results and consequences which we can all certify, if we will, in a world that is slipping fast from its old moorings, asks why statements, limited expressly to phenomena, should be enlarged so as to take in the transcendental, about which they do not and cannot pronounce. Religion deals with origins, with powers, with personalities; and by definition science deals with none of these things, but only with laws and processes. Whatever, in this theological novel as in the treatise which went before it, seems to make against Theism was known in substance ever since the debate began; it may be read in Greek, in Latin, in German; it owes nothing to Malthus or Darwin except the illustrations that give it perhaps a fresh piquancy but add to its value not one jot or tittle. The trick, so to call it, consists in forcing details upon an imagination that must be governed by categories of space and time, while reason, acknowledging its own inadequacy, feels powerless to meet particular cases. And again there are the old insoluble *paradoxa*, which we know so well and which signify so little. Physical science never can be metaphysics. Mr. Mallock is perfectly well aware of that from the beginning; hence he plays with his fangless reptiles, while the audience, not quite so clever, take them to be rattlesnakes. *Cui bono?* Certainly the conjuror is amused. But if he meant to persuade the heterodox, he has been wasting his fine talents upon them. Did he propose to scandalise the orthodox? He has undoubtedly succeeded. That, however, is not the worst. Religion is either a detestable superstition or the most sacred of all possible moods and attitudes. To deal with it flippantly is not simply bad taste; what it is the serious reader will need none to

* "The Veil of the Temple; or, From Night to Twilight." By W. H. Mallock. 6s. (John Murray.)

teach him as he puts aside this painful and unpleasant book. He will agree with Horace that a story may be told in the wrong way, and with Christians that reverence is the best argument for belief. WILLIAM BARRY.

THE GREATEST RULER OF INDIA.*

Sir William Lee-Warner is most fortunate in his materials. After an administration of more than eight years, the Marquis of Dalhousie left India, and landed at Portsmouth on the 14th May, 1856. He died on the 19th December, 1860, at the age of forty-eight, as the direct result of toil and responsibility, so great and so prolonged, although so successful. His last years were clouded by the most ignorant attempts to make him the cause of the Sepoy Mutiny of May, 1857. The dying hero could not reply from his place in the House of Lords. His strength was not equal to the completion of a written statement, which he seems to have begun. So he quietly appealed to posterity, dictating this addition to his Will, "that no portion of the private papers of my father or



Julian Hawthorne.

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of myself shall be made public until at least fifty years shall have passed after my death." From his boyhood, at twelve years of age, he kept a Journal, writing it up almost daily, with a few breaks, till near the end of his life. When preparing the sketch of his career which appeared in 1877 in the Encyclopædia Britannica, I was permitted to refer to the diary, beautifully written on sheets of note-paper, which is now treasured in Dalhousie Castle. If published six years hence that will prove to be a lasting contribution not only to the history of India, but to English literature. The author of these volumes has used it, taking care to publish no extract from it of merely personal interest. He has been entrusted besides with the whole mass of the Governor-General's correspondence, "carefully arranged and indexed by Lord Dalhousie himself," in one hundred and thirteen volumes.

The young Earl of Dalhousie deserves the thanks of the present generation for thus liberally interpreting his illustrious kinsman's will. But this wealth of materials, added to and explaining eighty-seven Parliamentary Papers, has proved too much for Sir William Lee-Warner. Unlike Mr. John Morley in somewhat similar but even more difficult circumstances, he has not produced a biography. These two volumes may best be described as consisting of a series of Anglo-Indian Minutes on the chief events and controversies of the history of India in the twelve years from 1848. Their writer represents himself as "thus incurring the risk of assuming the office of a judge." But he has none the less sacrificed the finest opportunity given to any biographer at the present time, after Mr. Gladstone's. The conscientious study of the hundreds of volumes of documents and Blue-books, interpreted by his own valuable experience in the India Civil Service, as Political Secretary, and now as a member of the Secretary of State's Council, has led him—and most certainly his readers—to lose themselves in the maze in which the man Dalhousie is hidden. No continuous biographical thread runs through the nearly nine hundred pages. The chapters are rarely linked on to each other, so that the narrative shall reach up unbroken to the climax. We are supplied and satisfied with a judicial verdict by an Anglo-Indian expert, yet not a contemporary of Dalhousie's. We are rarely enabled to see and know the young Scotsman who died for his country as monarch and statesman have never done. Continually the reader is arrested by such marked digressions as this, "The legislation of 1853 will be more easily understood if a short review is given of the history of the (E. I.) Company." I have still to repeat what appeared in the *Friend of India* on the first Life of Dalhousie that was written, in 1860:—"De Quincey alone would have done the Marquis of Dalhousie justice. Carlyle would count him a hero, a king." English literature has yet to see a worthy Life of the greatest ruler India has ever had.

Nevertheless, notwithstanding its defects as a biography, the book is the most valuable contribution to the history of India since the first Afghan War. Sir William Lee-Warner's official experience, and the materials so liberally entrusted to him, give authority to his almost judicial verdicts. Those who really study these volumes will unhesitatingly place the Marquis of Dalhousie in the unique position where the Governor-General's few surviving contemporaries, who lived under his administration and passed through the Mutiny and the reorganisation of India under the Crown, have always placed him. The first publicist to defend the Marquis from the English calumniators of 1857 was Mr. Meredith Townsend, in the *Friend of India*. His spirited and impartial exoneration of "the dying lion," called forth this letter from the late Sir George Yule, then Commissioner of Bhagulpore, "SIR,—I have just read the first article in your paper of the 29th (Nov., 1857). Money to the writer of that must be dirt, but I take the liberty of enclosing you a draft for 500 rupees, in the hope that by its application to some good object which you know to require aid, you may receive a portion of such pleasure as the perusal of your article has given me."

The late Sir Edwin Arnold, when Principal of the Poona College, in 1862, published the first of his two volumes on "The Marquis of Dalhousie's Administration of British India," and soon after the first volume of Mr. (Sir John) Kaye's History of the Sepoy Mutiny appeared. Both repeated the somewhat panic-stricken calumnies of 1857, when Great Britain and Ireland were writhing under the losses by massacre and the military campaigns, and Delhi and Lucknow had still to fall. The Duke of Argyll came to the rescue in an article of sixty-eight pages in the *Edinburgh Review*. His official and his personal knowledge combined to vindicate Dalhousie in a style which has prevented subsequent attacks. To the Governor-General's policy in the Panjab he showed that "we owe in a very large degree the salvation of India." If the policy as to the reduction of the Sepoy force and the number and distribution of European troops had been carried out, as urged in 1856 in vain, "it is not too much to say there would have been no massacre of Cawnpore, and no abandonment of Lucknow." Among the benefactors of the people of India no name will have a better place than his, was the Duke's conclusion, even in that time of heated controversy. One other authority vindicated the Marquis of Dalhousie's administration, from the legal point of view—Sir Charles Jackson, in 1865. He anticipated Sir William Lee-Warner

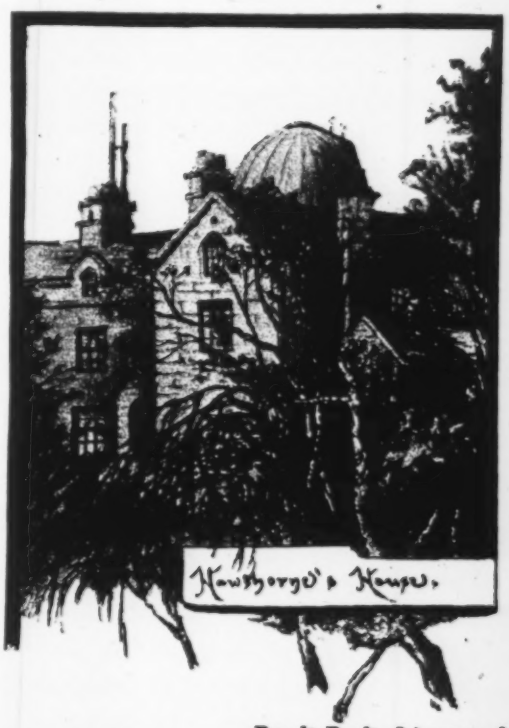
* "The Life of the Marquis of Dalhousie, K.T." By Sir William Lee-Warner, K.C.S.I. In two volumes. 25s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

in his most satisfactory exposition of the law and custom regarding native states and annexations by lapse, and he expanded the Duke of Argyll's reference to the military proposals. He quotes, for the first time, Lord Dalhousie's nine minutes of 28th February, 1856, only one of which had been laid on the table of the House of Commons, in 1858, in answer to Mr. Vansittart's motion, while articles in the London newspapers appeared simultaneously misstating their effect, and "grievously affected Lord Dalhousie's reputation." Sir W. Lee-Warner, who recently held the same office of Political Secretary, now reveals the fact that Mr. Kaye could not find two of the nine, for Sir Charles Jackson's defence—although duplicate copies were sent home—while all the nine were available.

From the treasury of authoritative documents and facts, published for the first time, in these volumes, space forbids us to quote. Perhaps the most interesting chapters are the six devoted to the Panjab, the conquest and organisation of which formed Dalhousie's greatest service to his country and to millions of the human race. Burma, as since developed, comes close to that historical event. The great Governor-General's relations to and private opinions of Henry and John Lawrence, Lord Gough, and smaller men, are here given in an authoritative setting. New light is thrown on Lord Canning's early and unsuccessful administration. We learn that the Koh-i-Noor, or mountain of light jewel, was coveted by the Court of Directors for themselves, but stoutly kept by the Governor-General as a present to the Queen. When it had been nearly lost by John Lawrence, Dalhousie himself took it to Bombay, enclosed by his wife in a leather bag sewed into a Kashmir belt which he wore by day and night. When in camp two dogs were chained to his bed, and no one else knew of its concealment save Captain Ramsay, who, with Colonel Mackeson, took it home to Her Majesty. After the Governor-General's letter of 22nd January, 1849, to the Duke of Wellington, here given for the first time, no one can question whether the battle of Chilianwalla was a defeat for Gough. One paper we lack—the masterly Essay of 167 paragraphs, entitled "The Government of India," on which Dalhousie spent five continuous days, suggesting the changes and improvements to be made in the administration of India by the new Act of Parliament which carried these out after 1853. Through that, as by much else, the great Marquis still governs India. His persistence in so organising the Legislative Council that some substitute for representation of the natives might in due time be possible, was defeated, in Lord Canning's time, by Sir Charles Wood, but has been justified by subsequent changes. To sum up, Lord Dalhousie ever sought and by his righteous policy and acts practically accomplished for the first time the unity of our Indian Empire from Baluchistan to Burma. He found it in scattered fragments. He left it a homogeneous and progressive whole.

This, however, would rank him only with Clive, Warren Hastings, and Wellesley. He was greater than each of these or any of his predecessors by reason of the moral purity of his life, the single-eyed elevation of his aims, the righteousness of his character. Our author gives us glimpses, all too few, of his personal religion and self-sacrificing life, of his love for the people and efforts—educational and other—for their highest good, of his courage in the advancing conflict of Western and Eastern ideas, and at the same time his prudence and wisdom. Having lived under his administration long ago, and having watched the evolution of his lofty and righteous policy for more than half a century, I wait for the genius who will use these historical materials to produce an adequate biography of the greatest ruler of India.

GEORGE SMITH.



Rock Park, Liverpool,

Where Hawthorne lived whilst holding the Consulship.

"Rock Park, as I remember it, was a damp, winding, verdurous street, protected at each end by a small granite lodge, and studded throughout its length with stuccoed villas. The villas were mended-on to each other (as one of the children expressed it), two and two; they had front yards filled with ornamental shrubbery, and gardens at the back, an acre or two in extent; they were fenced in with iron pickets, and there were gates to the driveways on which the children swung."—Julian Hawthorne's "Hawthorne and his Circle."

From a Drawing by T. H. Townsend.

Hepzibah and Judge Pyncheon.

"'You are stronger than I,' said Hepzibah, after a brief consideration; 'and you have no pity in your strength! Clifford is not now insane; but the interview which you insist upon may go far to make him so. Nevertheless, knowing you as I do, I believe it to be my best course to allow you to judge for yourself as to the improbability of his possessing any valuable secret. I will call Clifford. Be merciful in your dealings with him!—Be far more merciful than your heart bids you be!—for God is looking at you, Jaffrey Pyncheon!'"

(Reproduced from "The House of the Seven Gables," by kind permission of Messrs. James Nisbet and Co.)

M. TAINE'S MIDDLE PERIOD.*

It may be questioned whether a biography should be given to the world by instalments. At any rate, M. Taine suffers in consequence with English readers, who will be pretty sure

* "Life and Letters of H. Taine, 1853—1870." Translated from the French by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable and Co.)

From a Painting by Norman Garstin. **The Scarlet Letter.**

"If little Pearl were entertained with faith and trust, as a spirit-messenger no less than an earthly child, might it not be her errand to soothe away the sorrow that lay cold in her mother's heart, and converted it into a tomb?—and to help her to overcome the passion, once so wild, and even yet neither dead nor asleep, but only imprisoned within the same tomb-like heart?

"Such were some of the thoughts that now stirred in Hester's mind."—"The Scarlet Letter."

(Reproduced from a photograph by Henry Dixon and Co., by courteous permission of the Artist.)

to overlook the moral—that is to say, the true meaning—of this remarkable career. Taine was not a genius of the highest rank. He had immense industry, a power of reading and analysis which defied ill-health, straitened means, neglect, opposition, and his own low spirits. He reminds us of Stuart Mill by his delicate feeling for others, his devotion to science, his aloofness from ambition, his most un-Parisian simplicity. Again there is in him something of Herbert Spencer: the passion for grouping details under formulas, not always quite sound, the absorption in his work, the pathetic failure of energy at a turning-point where all might have seemed over with his dearest hopes. But the lesson of Taine's life awaits us in a third and concluding volume. It will be, in effect, a retractation, the "Vicisti, Galilæe" that Spencer too was compelled to pronounce, as we have seen in the late Autobiography; yet more explicit, though perhaps not more significant, in those pages of the French historian that judge the Revolution of 1789 almost as it was judged by Edmund Burke, and with a wealth of evidence not accessible to Carlyle.

That is the Taine in whom the world has an interest. The Taine of this present volume is chiefly a man of letters, struggling to the front, none of whose essays, whether on Livy, La Fontaine, or the French official philosophy, could entitle him to a place beside Hugo, George Sand, or Sainte Beuve. He was "too forced, too systematic." He thought like a German; he wrote by machinery. His patterns were not the best. Many letters in this correspondence with Edouard de Suckau betray an extraordinary liking, almost an infatuation, for Henri Beyle, whose novel "Le Rouge et le Noir" anticipates more than one of Taine's formulas, but is destructive as vitriol to the true sense of art. Beyle is wire-drawn, provoking, and deliberately immoral. His admirer exclaims, "Away with butchers, fanatics, Shakers, Puritans, inventors of cant! Let us preserve mockery, audacity of mind, even the licentiousness of our schools!" But the excellent Hippolyte was no mocker, not really audacious, and at heart a Puritan. He would have rejoiced to see France Protestant as Switzerland was; not orthodox but liberal; his own serious talk reminds us of Geneva; and we smile sadly when he calls himself Voltairean. His eyes are too melancholy; his evening dress sits on him with an air too professorial. Somewhere in Goncourt's "Journal" these points are intimated with a masterly touch.

All this while I am wondering if the English reader of Lives in two volumes from Mudie's will know his way about among figures so eminently French as Michelet, About, Fromentin, Sacy, Paradol, Pierre Leroux, and the fifty others who fill these tableaux. Can we expect the one guinea subscriber to follow breathlessly Taine's critique of Cousin or Maine de Biran? Will he, or she, not yawn over the page of distinctions between Hegel and Condillac? Even the references to English literature may leave our Britons cold. Yet there is good value for the psychologist in judgments which represent Dickens as trying to the nerves and Balzac as a relief after "David Copperfield," which define the "Pilgrim's Progress" to be "a nursery tale, a blood-curdling allegory, showing the terrible inner mind of one of these fanatics," and which parenthetically set aside for condemnation "Mulready's anæmic bathers" and "the cadaverous pictures of Millais." It was Taine's ambition to hammer out a formula which would exhaust the "English mind." That is a sample of his accomplished efforts. As he reduced Hegel to a system where the great Suabian becomes relation in the abstract, so he first imagines the English character and then illustrates it to his own satisfaction from a thousand years' writing. He visited London, Oxford, and Manchester, but found that he had nothing to learn; his formulas were blue spectacles which, until the catastrophes of 1870 shattered them, he never took off. For

years he was the victim of hallucination, not the less unreal that he called it modern and enlightened.

The translation is, as a rule, very good. However, we say in English "Giulio Romano," not "Jules Romain," as may be certified by looking into "A Winter's Tale." And we do not call Firdusi's great Persian epic, "Le Livre des Rois," but either "The Book of Kings" or the "Shahnameh." An uncompromising reviewer would observe that when ladies translate they care for none of these things. But let such a one be mindful of his own condition.

WILLIAM BARRY.

ST. PAUL'S CONCEPTIONS OF THE LAST THINGS.*

This illuminating volume commemorates Dr. Kennedy's appointment to the Cunning-Lectureship at New College, Edinburgh, for 1904. Written with ample learning, and fine spiritual insight, it has another signal merit which studies in exegesis too often lack. In every chapter Dr. Kennedy makes us feel that he is sincerely and patiently trying to think St. Paul's thoughts after him—whenever the apostle's mind rose to contemplate those Last Things which can never be last or least in Christian experience and theology. Dr. Kennedy does not profess to discover in St. Paul's writings a complete and coherent system of eschatology. And he certainly stops short of Prof. Salmond's contention that the same eschatology appears in all four groups of the Pauline epistles without inconsistency or change of view. We are bidden to recognise at the outset—as the key to the whole problem — that the apostle's ideas of the Last Things were rooted and grounded in his personal relation to the risen Redeemer. We are reminded that "he writes not as a dogmatic theologian, but as a devoted missionary concerned about the special needs of some Christian community, and his letters have always to be regarded, in the first instance, as genuine missionary documents" (p. 307)—not as dissertations *de novissimis*. We are warned, further, that "subjects like Conditional Immortality or Eternal Punishment certainly did not present themselves to *his* mind in the guise or in the terms which form the battleground of modern discussions" (p. 95).

Studying the epistles from this standpoint, Dr. Kennedy discusses the place of eschatology in St. Paul's religious thought, the formative influences in St. Paul's conceptions of the Last Things, his conceptions of Life and Death, of the Parousia and the Judgment, of the Resurrection, and of the Consummation of the Kingdom of God. The drift of the book may be inferred from the following sentences:—"It appears to us highly significant for the progress of his thought that in the Imprisonment Epistles, which stand so late in his career, St. Paul delights to sum up his outlook into the future in the simple term ἐλπίς. Perhaps as he penetrated deeper into the relation of the believer to his Lord, the events of the Coming Æon and its inauguration paled into insignificance in the light of that perfected fellowship which was the goal of them all" (p. 280).

T. H. DARLOW.

* "St. Paul's Conceptions of the Last Things." By the Rev. H. A. A. Kennedy, M.A., D.Sc. 1 vol. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The Scarlet Letter.

"With a convulsive motion, he tore away the ministerial band from before his breast. It was revealed! But it were irreverent to describe that revelation. For an instant the gaze of the horror-stricken multitude was concentrated on the ghastly miracle; while the minister stood, with a flush of triumph in his face, as one who, in the crisis of acutest pain, had won a victory. Then down he sank upon the scaffold!"

(Reproduced from the edition de luxe of "The Scarlet Letter," by kind permission of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co.)

MR. H. A. VACHELL'S NEW NOVEL.*

"This is the history of a fighter," says Mr. Vachell in the opening chapter of "Brothers," "a fighter against odds." The fighter is Mark Samphire, and his chief enemy is his elder brother Archibald. They develop into men of very diverse characters. Archibald is a man of splendid presence, with a fine oratorical manner and a voice—"the kind of voice that seems to fill the corners of the soul with echoes at once strange and familiar. The late Mr. Gladstone

* "Brothers." By Horace Annesley Vachell. 6s. (Murray.)

possessed such a voice." Mark, on the contrary, has no very imposing appearance, and is afflicted with a troublesome stammer, but he is far more gifted, spiritually and intellectually, than his handsome brother.

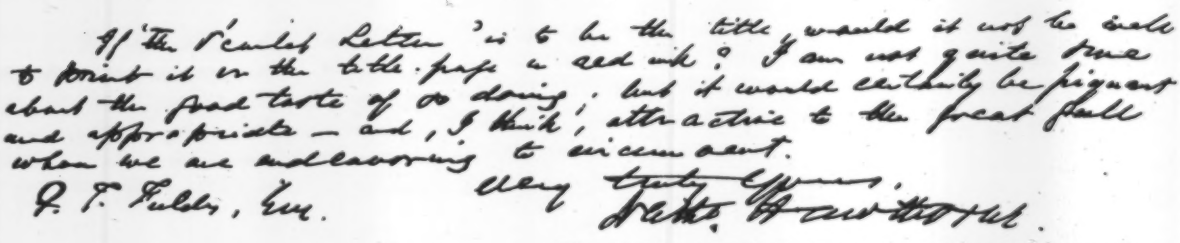
Archibald rises in the Church, while Mark fails in health and in every way. But it is Mark who writes the first great sermon that wins Archibald's reputation, and the second, on "Purity," that inspires Betty Kirtling with love for the preacher, and brings her to choose between Archibald and his brother. Thereafter, Archibald secretly employs the unfortunate Mark to help him regularly with his sermons and so proceeds on his triumphant career.

Betty marries Archibald, crediting him with the lofty thoughts and aspirations that are really Mark's; and she is not happy. She realises that it is Mark she loves after all, and when she accidentally discovers the truth, she understands in a flash how she has been led into deceiving herself. She comes across the sermons in Mark's handwriting and accuses him of being their author. He cannot deny it. "And I never guessed it," she exclaimed passionately. "If I had thought for a moment I must have known that it was you—you—you, not him. Oh, my God, I shall go mad! I married him because you—you had tricked him out in a garment of righteousness! Had you come forward at the eleventh hour and spoken I should have thanked you and blessed you. Why did you hold your tongue—why—why—why?" "I thought you loved him," he stammered.

Yielding to a great temptation, overwhelmed by this sudden knowledge of their love for each other, they resolve to go away together. But before the final step is taken Betty chances to read over again that "Purity" sermon of Mark's, the preaching of which by Archibald had decided her in his favour; and the reading upraises her so that she writes to him in haste, saying how she has read it, and "Because of that I cannot come to you. . . Mark, my best beloved, I tempted you. May God forgive me! . . . . He willed that your words—what is best in you—the greatest thing you ever did—should stand between us. I cannot lower the Mark who wrote that sermon to my level." And so for the second time this weapon he had forged is turned against himself.

The end is a little weak and unsatisfactory, but the central idea is one of remarkable power and originality, and it is fashioned into a story of poignant and absorbing interest.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



Facsimile of an Autograph Letter from Hawthorne to James T. Fields, written at Salem in 1850.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co.)

MRS. WHARTON'S SHORT STORIES.*

If "The Descent of Man" is not the best story in the book to which it lends its name, it is one of the best, and is told with a dry humour and an irony such as few novelists in our days are endowed with. It tells of how Professor Linyard, having written and published certain learned scientific works for inconsiderable monetary rewards, breaks down in health and is sent away on a holiday. He goes chuckling over a secret design of occupying his enforced leisure in writing a skit on the "popular" scientific book. "In the most successful of these works, ancient dogma and modern discovery were depicted in a close embrace under the limelights of a hazy transcendentalism; and the tableau never failed of its effect. Some of the books designed on this popular model had lately fallen into the Professor's hands, and they filled him with mingled rage and hilarity. The rage soon died: he came to regard the mass of pseudo-literature as protecting the truth from desecration. But the hilarity remained, and flowed into the form of his idea. And the idea—the divine incomparable idea—was simply that he should avenge his goddess by satirising her false interpreters." But when the book appears, the public read it seriously; nobody, not even the publisher, recognises the satire of it; and accepted as a supremely chatty and readable volume of everyday philosophic and pseudo-scientific gleanings, "The Vital Thing" booms and becomes the book of the season. It does for the Professor all that his really valuable work failed to do—it brings him large cheques and roaring popularity; he is interviewed and photographed, and besieged with profitable orders to write such compositions as "a series of 'Scientific Sermons' for the Round-the-Gas-Log column of *The Woman's World*." It is a great temptation; he has done enough of hard and ill-paid drudgery, and has a wife and family to consider; and after one or two backward yearnings towards the higher but unremunerative work he loves, the Professor succumbs and sets himself seriously to write another volume of the same meretricious but saleable order. The ironic pathos of the situation is not insisted upon, and the reader, like the Professor himself, is more impressed by the humour than the bitterness of it.

"Expiation" is another but a widely different story of the literary life, though that same element of irony enters largely into it, as it does indeed, more or less, into all the stories, even into "The Lady's Maid's Bell," a weird and mysterious narrative with a daylight ghost in it, and "The Letter," a finely dramatic episode of the Italian struggle for liberty.

But if we were to single out one story as the cleverest of the ten we should select, perhaps, "The Other Two." This is merely the record of Waythorne's marriage with a charming and lovable woman who had divorced two husbands. She has one child, a girl, by her first husband, Mr. Haskett, and he is entitled under the divorce decree to see this child once a week. The child is ill, and it is the coming of Haskett to his house to see her on the day he and his wife return from their honeymoon, that begins to make Waythorne aware of certain delicate and painfully incongruous details that are inseparable from his new marital position. He shrinkingly keeps out of the way of this man, but next day, for they are all living in New York, he accidentally encounters his wife's second husband, Gus Varick, and is presently involved in intricate business relations with him, in spite of himself. Then he is unpleasantly shocked at meeting Haskett in his own house, when that meek, affectionate little man is there on his weekly visit to his daughter. By slow degrees, after much mental torment, Waythorne becomes reconciled to these and similar curiously humiliating sensations, habit forming "a protecting surface for his sensibilities." He grows more sympathetic and considerate towards Haskett than his wife is; comes to appreciate the good qualities of both these former husbands, and to doubt whether they were really the brutes his wife's divorcing of them had led the world to suppose. His increasing knowledge of them helps him to a more intimate comprehension of his wife's character. He began "to ask himself if it were not better to own a third of a wife who knew how to make a man happy than a whole one who had lacked opportunity to acquire the art. . . . . He even tried to trace the source of his obligations, to discriminate between the influences which had combined to produce his domestic happiness: he perceived that Haskett's commonness had made Alice worship good breeding, while Varick's liberal construction of the marriage bond had taught her to value the conjugal virtues; so that he was

* "The Descent of Man." By Edith Wharton. 6s. (Macmillan.)

directly indebted to his predecessors for the devotion which made his life easy if not inspiring." The whole situation is intensely realised, and the subtle, elusive interplay of these four characters is a brilliant and masterly psychological study.

Mrs. Wharton is as rare an artist as Mr. Henry James; she has all his insight and subtlety of thought, and a simplicity and directness of expression that he lacks. America has not for long past sent us any stronger or more exquisitely finished fiction than the best of the stories in this book.

Novel Notes.

THE GOD IN THE GARDEN. By Keble Howard. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

"Love in a Cottage" was good, but "The God in the Garden" is even better. It is a delightfully idyllic love story told with a racy and irresistible humour, and with a pretty touch of sentiment that is always so light and laughing that it is never in any danger of merging into sentimentality. The Rev. George Goodacre, Vicar of Wooton-in-Arden, a widower with seven children, a small income and a lot of little worries, goes with his family on a holiday to the seaside. He is enabled to go by the ungracious generosity of Miss Carroway, an elderly and eccentric spinster who lives, with Stella her niece, in a worn old house that has a large and ideally lovely garden at the back of it. She pays for a "supply" in the Vicar's absence, having stipulated that she had a voice in his selection, and that he should live in the cottage opposite her house, and she should exercise a certain supervision over him. She approves of Mr. Hatch, a handsome, athletic young curate, but does not find him very tractable. What is worse, he and Stella fall in love with each other at first sight, and her fierce and determined opposition to all idea of such a match drives the curate into gaining access to the garden nightly by swinging himself across the boundary stream behind it on the branch of an overhanging tree. He is suspected, and one night there is a catastrophe, but when everything seems lost he resorts to a rash and daring expedient, outwits the obstinate old lady, wins all he wants and gets her forgiveness with it. Shakspere the gardener is an admirably humorous creation. Indeed, for its characters and its story alike, this is the most genuinely humorous book of the season, and the numerous excellent illustrations of Mr. Frank Reynolds help to give point and emphasis to both the humour and the sentiment of it.

THE BY-WAYS OF BRAITHE. By Frances Powell. 6s. (Harpers.)

Although it runs, to some extent, on rather well worn lines, "The By-ways of Braithe" is a distinctly entertaining novel. The Braithe family comprises a father, mother, daughter and two step-daughters living in genteel poverty. Their characters are well drawn, that of the father—a cynical and exasperatingly heartless rascal—in particular. There is an opal, known as the Gypsy's Opal, belonging to the eldest girl, Theo; it is credited with certain weirdly supernatural qualities, bringing death upon any wrongful possessor of it, and this plays an important part in the story. But the strongest interest centres in Theo's loveless marriage to a rich man and the manner in which she grows to love him, at last, with all her heart. The book might have been a little shorter, but it is carefully written and too full of movement and variety ever to be dull.

James T. Fields, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and William D. Ticknor.

"William D. Ticknor, the senior partner of my father's publishers, was the only figure familiar at the outset. He was one of the most amiable of men, with thick whiskers all round his face, and spectacles shining over his kindly eyes; a sturdy, thick-set personage, active in movement and genial in conversation. It was James T. Fields who usually made the trips to England; but on this occasion Fields got no farther than the wharf, where the last object visible was his comely and smiling countenance as he waved his adieux."—Julian Hawthorne's "Hawthorne and his Circle."

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co.)

DOROTHEA. By Maarten Maartens. 6s. (Constable.)

Mr. Maartens has written in his new novel a psychological study of great subtlety and charm. The story of Dorothea, the girl flung from the sheltered and religious upbringing of two maiden aunts, to the society of Monte Carlo and the more than dubious morals of her father, is full of difficult understanding. All through the book the insight shown is both singularly keen and felicitous, while the character of Dorothea is like a fragrance wafted cunningly through every chapter. Religious women in fiction are usually either prigs or the impossible. Dorothea is neither, and the manner in which her temperament affects the people about her, and is, in its turn, affected by them, is a fine and penetrative piece of writing. She influences inevitably—if only through the shock of contrast—but she influences to a limited degree only. Dorothea makes no conversions. No temperament rises permanently above its own level. The wicked do not become good because they realise a woman of high ideals has come among them. And Dorothea, though she gradually compromises to meet the conventions of society, never develops characteristics not in keeping with the spiritual and passionless refinement of her nature. All the character drawing in Mr. Maartens' last book—and there is hardly an uninteresting person in it—is done upon singularly broad and charitable lines. Most of the people who become part of Dorothea's intimate life are of somewhat frail morality—a few are even unmitigatedly and unredeemably bad. But in spite of their wickedness an underlying compassion always communicates itself to the reader, and gives to the book below an exciting and rather dramatic plot, an element of depth and sweetness. Behind the action of good and bad alike Mr. Maartens seems to convey a sense of bewildering and pathetic helplessness, an indefinite and unconscious cry for pity, while through it all the beauty of one upright and saintly disposition gladdens like a perfect, newly gathered flower out of a garden.

A LOST EDEN. By M. E. Braddon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

This is a full-length novel written well up to the sound old tradition that the good novelist's first duty is to tell a good story. "Here in youth's fresh morning the careless word is to be spoken, the unconsidered sin is to be sinned, that is to give colour to the rest of our lives—half a century more of life, perhaps; and every one of those fifty years is to be influenced by the impulse of a moment." That is the keynote of "A Lost Eden." Edward Vernham sees the face of a girl in the street at the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington, and sees in her his destiny. For a while he loses her, then accident favours him again, and he makes good use of his opportunity. But he is diabolically selfish and unscrupulous; he is engaged to marry a wealthy cousin, and his purpose is to win Marion Sandford's heart and induce her to share his life for the five years to intervene before his wedding, and then to part from him as if death had divided

them. The rascally lengths to which he goes in his persistent endeavour to achieve this desire, and the indomitable goodness and courage wherewith Marion continually baffles him, and through much bitterness and misunderstanding reaches happiness at last, but not with him—that is the story. It is full of sensational happenings and is thoroughly readable from cover to cover.

JOSHUA NEWINGS. By. G. F. Bradby. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Joshua is an elderly bachelor who has inherited the fortune his father made out of "Newing's Sheep-wash," and goes about in shame of that useful decoction and the advertised association of his name with it. "Though he had never courted the society of the fair sex, he was not insensible to its charm," and at a German hotel he becomes acquainted with several ladies who develop matrimonial intentions towards him. One of them, a clever and genial Irish widow, so nearly captures him that he is frightened and runs away home. There, distrustful of his own heart, he seeks immunity from the tender passion by permitting a German scientist to inoculate him with the love bacillus, which he has discovered after years of experiment. "I inoculate you with the attenuated virus," he explains to Joshua. "For three days you exhibit the symptoms of love in all its forms. . . . . After so long you are quite well, and you do not fall in love any more." But the effect is violently different from that anticipated. The humour of the book is rather thin and occasionally a little forced, but it is high spirited and very amusing in the farcical manner.

GARMISCATH. By J. Storer Clouston. 6s. (Blackwood.)

In "Garmiscath" Mr. Clouston has resolutely set himself to be serious, and our chief misgiving in reading this excellent story is lest he should have determined to eschew for the future the lighter vein in which he has achieved not a few notable successes. The scene of "Garmiscath" is in the Orkneys, so readers of Mr. Clouston will know that the local colour of this book is in capable and reverent hands. The story deals with a plot that is not by any means new, but it is redrawn here with great force and with striking literary skill. The Odaller of Garmiscath was the representative of the old-time owners of the land, and his freehold was as gall and wormwood to the present-day laird of the district. The Odaller refused to sell his property, and, to make matters worse, his son, Hugh, fell in love with the laird's daughter, succeeded in his suit, assaulted her father, and had to leave the country. The book resolves itself into a fierce struggle between the Odaller's just pride and the laird's petty prejudice. This is excellently and very naturally worked out, and the story concludes in accordance with the canons of poetic justice. The Odaller is a fine study, the best piece of characterisation Mr. Clouston has yet achieved.

THE SOVEREIGN POWER. By Violet A. Simpson. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

This book well deserves its sub-title, "A Romance of Georgian Days." It is a gallant story of adventure told with great spirit, and conducted skilfully through a multiplicity of detail to a very satisfactory conclusion. Miss Simpson has written a wonderfully realistic account of an attempted French landing at the close of the eighteenth century. Mont-Temple, an English noble who had wrecked his career by joining Lord George Gordon, and Lindsay Dirk, a Jacobite soldier of fortune, are the pioneers of the enterprise, disguised as two itinerant pedlars. Their adventures on the road are very cleverly described, and their great *coup* at the Court masquerade was only nullified by the bravery of Mont-Temple's charming daughter. In the latter half of the story the long arm of coincidence is kept very busily employed, but the interest never flags for a moment, and the secret of the Chevalier's identity comes as a real surprise. The story is clever and carefully written; the characters have strong individuality; and the historical background displays evidence of very considerable research.

THE SHADOW OF A THRONE. By Frederick W. Hayes. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

There are certain subjects that have served as material for novels again and again, and yet remain as inexhaustibly interesting as ever for whoever may choose to handle them afresh. Of such is the French Revolution. We can recall three novels that within the last year or so have handled it and limited their handling to those phases and incidents of it that bore directly on the sufferings and ultimate fate of the young dauphin, each telling its own picturesque and glamorous romance of how the boy-prisoner of the Temple was rescued by his friends and smuggled out of the country. This is the main theme of Mr. Hayes' story in "The Shadow of a Throne," and his plot and the carrying of it out are more ingeniously contrived and conducted than are the intriguings in either of those other three novels of our acquaintance. An English doctor living in Paris and passing as a Frenchman is the prime mover in the scheme. The number and variety of his disguises and the timeliness and cleverness with which he assumes them is, to say the least of it, amazing. He gets the dauphin safely out of the Temple, leaving a waxen effigy in his place; then he inveigles the heads of the revolution to league with him, for their own safety, in concealing the truth and putting a substitute in the room of the missing boy. Robespierre, Napoleon, Barras, Fouche, Mme. Beauharnais—these and other striking and familiar figures play their historical *rôles* in the narrative, not the least of whose interests is the chequered love affair of the English doctor himself. It is a brisk and vigorous romance, very full of incident and adventure and very long—and one of its merits is that you do not wish it shorter by a single page.

THE GREAT PROCONSUL. By Sidney C. Grier. 6s. (Blackwood.)

The prefatory "Note of warning to the ordinary novel reader" that "you are earnestly recommended to shut this book and pass on, as it will not interest you," and so forth, is a mistake. It savours of an affectation of superiority towards her public that the novelist would do well, for the sake of her own dignity, to avoid. It is better every way to leave even the most ordinary novel reader to judge for himself what suits his taste, instead of assuming that his mental capacity must needs be less than the author's. Certainly, "The Great Proconsul" is, as the author announces in that warning note, long and dull, but that, in itself, is no justification for its being so—it ought not to be either. A little pruning, a little condensation of occasionally verbose and relatively unimportant passages would have fitted the book for the ordinary as well as for the extraordinary novel reader; for certainly the career of Warren Hastings is no matter for dulness. From his own writings and those of his friends and enemies Miss Grier has drawn an intimate and sympathetic view of his character, and she reveals it and tells the story of his troubled and broken career by means of a diary kept by an imaginary Mrs. Ward, who lived and went through some startling adventures in India and was befriended by Hastings and his wife. It is cleverly written and in parts profoundly interesting; it required only some effective omissions and curtailments to have made it wholly so, and to have secured for it that popular success that is not always so despicable as it seems.

The Bookman's Table.

LAND AND SEA PIECES: POEMS. By Arthur E. J. Legge. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

This we take to be Mr. Legge's first deviation into verse, and a very excellent one it is. He attempts no very ambitious flights, and his verses are of the kind generally called bookish. In other words, we should say that Mr. Legge gives promise of good work in the future in the particular kind of poetry that traces its ancestry back to Matthew Prior. Mr. Legge is a good metricist, but his touch is not always certain, and we are often pulled up roughly over a halting line such as:

"Could I but sing the words branded—an unknown tongue."

The historical foundations for the poem on Raleigh hardly square with modern research, but then, as Edmund Waller said, "poets succeed better in fiction than in fact." The same poem contains a bad misprint, "Spencer."

ODDITIES, OTHERS, AND I. By Henriette Corkran. 16s. (Hutchinson.)

Goldsmith would almost certainly have described the author of this whimsical medley as an "agreeable rattle."

Hawthorne's Grave.

Nathaniel Hawthorne died on May 18th, 1864.

"On May 24th, 1864, Hawthorne was borne to his rest to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, not far from his house, in Concord. There, not far from his friend Thoreau—of whom he meant to prefix a sketch in his 'Dolliver Romance'—he was attended by Emerson, who now lies near him, and Longfellow, who wrote touching lines on his dead friend.

"'There in seclusion and remote from men,
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
And left the tale half told.'"

(Rischgitz Collection.)

—Moncure D. Conway's "Life of Hawthorne."

We cannot, at least, think of a more accurate description of this clever observer. The book itself eludes classification, as it outrages all sense of proportion. With unflagging vivacity and good humour, the author gives us long chapters of autobiography, containing nothing of the slightest importance, but still such that we do not care to miss a page in case we lose some reflection of equal shrewdness and sarcasm. The writer's life in France and her experiences as an art student are related with a diverting candour, but the most entertaining portions of the book are those devoted to brief characterisations of eminent men and women. Perhaps Mr. Lang's portrait is the best. The following are some of the strokes that make it:—

"Deep down in him is evidently the belief that mankind is divided into two categories—those who have been to Oxford, and those who have not."

"Mr. Lang looks languidly sorry for nine-tenths of the human race."

"When the American (at the Cheshire Cheese), who rejoiced in the name of Luther, exclaimed, 'And this was one of the haunts of Dr. Johnson,' 'Who was Dr. Johnson?' asked Lang, in his high, drawling voice."

THE GEMS OF THE EAST. By A. H. Savage Landor. 2 vols. 30s. net. (Macmillan.)

These finely appointed volumes contain the records of sixteen thousand miles of travel and research in the Philippine and Sulu Archipelagoes. No one interested in works of travel can afford to overlook Mr. Landor's vivacious narrative, and it may be premissed that no one will find it lacking tive, and it may be guaranteed that no one will find it lacking The journey was often a very hazardous one, and Mr. Landor has thrilling experiences to tell of his wanderings among the Scalp Hunters. The habits and customs of the native tribes are described with an accuracy that gives the book importance as a contribution to anthropology, and as an instance of Mr. Landor's thoroughness we may mention that of every tribe he gives statistics of careful anthropometrical measurements. The work is full of striking illustrations.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN GARDENER. By John Halsham. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Mr. John Halsham should be under no apprehension as to the welcome likely to be extended to this further addition—for which he is almost apologetic—to the literature of gardening. In a very lucid and intimate manner he deals with all that appertains to a garden, from bastard-trenching to the budding of a rose. He presupposes no experience, and his advice applies equally to the possessor of a suburban strip or a wild garden in the country. He simply starts with a bare piece of land, and shows how each month it may be made to yield something in the way of vegetables, and something in flower or blossom to bring beauty into the house. Usually the professional Botanist exemplifies by references to species with unwieldy names, rather than to well-known garden specimens, whilst the horticulturist, on the other hand, studiously avoids the scientific aspect of the subject. The author, taking a middle course, on his chapter on "pricking out," gives a diagram—and he uses diagrams with great effect—to show the morphology of the young plant. He even notes the *plumule* and the *radicle*. But why did he not go further? Why not have explained the principle of nutrition? Without touching on the more abstruse points, an elementary knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of plants might create an unexpected enthusiasm in the beginner, or at any rate convince him that the instructions are not arbitrary, but are based on a more solid foundation than even a personal experience. However, "Every Man his Own Gardener," illustrated with excellent and charming photo-

graphs, will be found most useful to the beginner, and very readable to the more experienced, who know that there is always something fresh to be discovered.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF THE GREAT EARL OF CORK. By Dorothea Townshend. 18s. net. (Duckworth.)

This finely illustrated work is a real accession to historical biography, and depicts a career as exciting as that of any of the Elizabethan captains of adventure. It was on the eventful midsummer-eve of 1588 that Richard Boyle, the younger son of a Herefordshire squire, found himself in Dublin with twenty-seven pounds in his purse, "competent linen and necessaries, two cloaks, a doublet cut upon taffety, and a pair of black velvet breeches." Forty years later the briefless young barrister was Lord Deputy of Ireland. The story of his rise to fame and fortune is a most interesting chapter in Jacobean history, and throws a flood of light on the social and political condition of Ireland at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The outstanding trait in Richard Boyle's character was his marvellous shrewdness, but in him, too, fortune favoured a brave man. At the very outset of his Irish career powerful enemies essayed his ruin, but the youth had the splendid audacity to carry his case before Elizabeth herself, and she, too, like fortune, was ever on the side of the brave. Again at the height of his fame, he was threatened with ruin by Strafford, "the most cursed man to all Ireland and to me in particular," but in due course we find him present as a witness at the great deputy's impeachment. How much Boyle owed to open and unashamed bribery it would be hard to say, for in the days of James I. bribery was too common to excite comment. The Earldom of Cork was secured only by means of a present of four thousand pounds to the brother of Buckingham, while Lady Boyle compounded with Lady Villiers for another five hundred. Boyle naïvely described himself as a "kind fool." To his innumerable relatives he was kindness itself, and was a very prince of jobbers, but there was more method than folly in his generosity. Even then every man had his price, and when the King's help was necessary, no one knew so well as the Great Earl how to win the royal heart with a gift of hawks. James, like Trapbois (not Trapboys) was prepared to do anything "for a consideration." The letters of the Countess to her husband are so delightful that every reader will agree with him in imputing, as she tells us, "my slackenes in writting for a gret faute unto mee." Amid all the harassments of his strenuous life, the Great Earl had time to watch over the minutest details of his children's education, and the picture of family life revealed in these pages is singularly attractive. The story, too, is full of the great names of history. Raleigh's estates were bought by the Earl, and we have a deeply interesting account of the last acts in that adventurous career. Among the relatives who followed Richard Boyle across the Channel was his cousin, Elizabeth Boyle, who was destined to secure a poetical immortality by the Epithalamium of her husband, Edmund Spenser.

NOTES FROM A DIARY. By the Right Hon. Sir M. E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I. In two vols. 18s. (Murray.)

The two latest volumes of Sir M. E. Grant Duff's diary cover a period of four years from 1892 to 1895. The author expresses the hope, which will be cordially affirmed by innumerable readers, that he may be able to write other two such volumes, so that his inimitable diary may extend exactly over the whole of the second half of the nineteenth century. The present instalment is in every respect as brilliant and entertaining as its forerunners; that is to say that there is no dull page in it, and few pages that do not embalm some surprisingly good thing in the way of wit and epigram. The wonder still grows that any one man should have had the fortune to share so many feasts of reason, and at the same time have the industry and genius to report them so brilliantly for posterity. Sir M. E. Grant Duff's Diary has already been often acclaimed as worthy of a place on the same shelf as Evelyn and Pepys. It would be ungrateful to make use of Lord Young's witticism and say that the said shelf must be a long one, but in no disparaging sense the statement would be quite true. For the author of these delightful Notes has discovered a new field, and his purpose is certainly not similar to that of the great diarists. That he is vastly more entertaining to his contemporaries than Evelyn, or Pepys, or Walpole could have been to theirs seems certain; that his diary will be as valuable to later ages we greatly doubt. Its present strength and its future weakness lie in the fact that it is exclusively a collection of "good things." It has more of wit than of humanity; it is concerned entirely with the club and not with the market-place. The historian of the future may be forgiven if he draws from it an exaggerated notion of the brilliancy of Victorian wit, but he is not likely to find the book helpful, as were the older diaries, in throwing invaluable sidelights on the social and literary history of the age.

POLITICS AND RELIGION IN ANCIENT ISRAEL: An Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament. By the Rev. J. C. Todd, Canon of St. Saviour's, Natal. 6s. (Macmillan and Co.)

Anyone who is somewhat weary of books on the new Old Testament, will find a fillip given to his jaded senses by Canon Todd's sprightly, original, and entertaining volume. The writer has evidently read all that is needful for a knowledge of the history of Israel, but not a note or a reference burdens his pages, and still less does any weight of other men's opinions burden his agile mind. Very free in his criticism, he is yet gifted with penetration and sagacity. His historical sense has been diligently cultivated; and with extraordinary success he takes his reader back to the well-known scenes and shows him what he never saw before. No one will agree with all Canon Todd says, but no one, however deeply read in the literature and history of Israel, will fail to see the old drama and its actors from a new point of view. And after all this is the best justification of publishing one's ideas.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. METHUEN AND COMPANY.

The latest novel by the author of "Miss Molly"—**The Great Reconciler** (6s.)—is, for those who like and want "a good story," a very good story indeed; but for those readers who care also for the meaning, the depth of understanding, the careful development of a strong human theme, the book is a satisfying piece of literature. "Miss Molly" was a bright, appealing tale which has lived in the memory, but this new volume to the brightness and attractiveness of the earlier work, has added the appeal of an insight into humanity, a knowledge of natures which are strong yet can possess a great weakness, which are ostensibly soft and pliant yet can be quietly rigid and indomitable on occasion. To know this is to know life. To know this is to acknowledge that human beings can never be dealt with as types. The story is a full one with several strong threads running through it, chief of which is the subtly evasive nature of Barbara Fairfax—at first a lonely wife, afterwards a rich widow—and the men with whom her heart is concerned. Closely interwoven with this is the story of Con, her cousin, with her Dutch blood, her south African upbringing, and her Boer sympathies. Con is a fine character; if the word had not been overused and abused, we should call her a creation. She is fine, reliant, radiant, yet with her outspokenness are great reserves, and her force is two-fold in the book. For broad effects and careful details the work is noticeable, and the South African chapters are a revelation of a quiet truth, of intimate life, and of dramatic force which do much to retrieve the use to which South Africa has too often been put latterly.

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL AND SONS.

There could scarcely be a more popular volume in "The Great Masters" series than this by Edward McCurdy on that consummate genius **Leonardo Da Vinci** (5s. net). Leonardo must have been an irritating person to do business with, with his inability to stick to one work and his seeming incapacity for finishing anything. We can sympathise with the holy men who commissioned him to paint an altarpiece, and then, after waiting for years, found him totally absorbed in the drainage question. Even we of a later century chafe against the opportunities missed, the masterpieces left unfinished. But the greatness of the man! his uniqueness, his fascination, and the wonderful beauty of even the scraps he has left us—are not all these things shown in this happily planned volume? As for "St. John the Baptist"—for us that picture will remain a mystery. The puzzle being not whether it is a Leonardo, but whether that head, that flesh could possibly have belonged to St. John. Leonardo, though unconventional, was sane.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

These publishers are carrying out a capital idea, by initiating a series of stories for girls, wholesome, interesting, reliable. The series is called the "White Robe Library," and the first issue is from the pen of that well-loved writer for girls, Sarah Doudney. This volume, **Silent Strings,** is a domestic tale of a family of girls who live with their father in Oxford, and love and friendship play strong parts, while homeliness of style does not cause lack of incident. The pretty series, in its grey and gold covers, should prove invaluable to teachers, for prizes, and to others for birthday and Christmas presents. The price, too, will be generally popular, for half-a-crown is within the reach of most of us. Girls will be grateful to the Walter Scott Publishing Company.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN AND COMPANY.

A full, carefully thought-out, leisurely story is what we expect from Mr. W. E. Norris, and we generally get it. **Nature's Comedian** (6s.) is one of his most successful accomplishments in this style. It might almost be called old-fashioned in its quiet, yet bright, appeal to our intelligent interest. It is a book to take up and make a friend of for a week, coming back to it day by day with pleasant anticipation. The main theme of it is the nature of one man and his various dealings with the women he comes across. He is an actor, a comedian by instinct, perhaps, but always, whatever his mood, an actor. There were some quite great moments in his life, and though at times one feels only contempt for him, at times one realises the thread of good, and always one admits that he is entertaining. Mr. Norris's book may or may not please the thousands who read, but it will win friends.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

The friendship of an American and an Englishwoman is sketched in **the Melpomene Papers,** by Annette Furness (3s. 6d.). These ladies elect to go off and spend a couple of months in the country together. To a mere reader it seems a rash thing to do; anything, including the fate of the Kilkenny cats, might have happened. However, it didn't; Melpomene and Pepita talk on many subjects, including America *v.* England, Eternity, and "savouries," but they are quite on speaking terms at the end of the two months; and the last paper ends with Pepita showing Melpomene her own private view from the top bar of a gate, and Melpomene saying "Life can never be dreary when the unexpected is in hiding."

London at School: The Story of the School Board (6s.), is told by Mr. Hugh B. Philpott, and illustrated by model photographs of the Board School children at their various classes and amusements. At this period in the history of education it is well and instructive for the ordinary citizen to learn what has been aimed at, and what have been the results of the work of the London School Board. The failures and the victories, as recognised by the main workers, are here recorded; while the schemes and endeavours, though necessarily written with a partial pen, are laid bare for criticism and correction. Whatever may be the opinion of some of us with regard to the work of the School Board, we must all admit, after reading this interesting volume, that it has taught lessons to more than the children.

Those of us who have followed the numerous novels of Lucas Cleeve must have noticed the later development of her writing. In the earlier days this writer aimed chiefly, it seemed to us, at telling a somewhat ordinary story in a certain sensationally inclined manner. Latterly, however, we have noticed more care for characterisation and the more literary details. In **The Foolkiller** (6s.) we have one of her most carefully written stories of modern life, piquant, tender, clear-sighted, telling the story of a beautiful, good woman who had one secret in her past and a cold, matter-of-fact daughter, who marries as her second husband the "Foolkiller," a man several years her junior, and who suffers by reason of her own affectionate, leal nature. The book goes deeper than the froth of society scandals; it pierces quietly real human nature.

MR. JOHN LONG.

Of John Strange Winter one marvels every book season, "How does she manage it?" For numerous as her novels are, she always contrives to weave a plot, and almost always a fresh one. **The Countess of Montenoy** (6s.) is, indeed, a regular tangle of matrimonial and anti-matrimonial effects; and whether the moral of it all can be considered sound or not in the last chapter, there is no doubt that the authoress carries her readers with her in a lively fashion, and that the finish is not conventional.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK AND CO.

It is a fearsome tale which Mr. Robert Cromie tells in his new book, **Eldorado** (6s.), but he tells it boldly, with dash and spirit. It is the tale of a sober-minded London doctor with a taste for archæology, who by false representations and a good deal of shrewd scheming is lured abroad, ostensibly on archæologic work intent, but really as a blind for more desperate men whose quest was by no means so blameless. The land to which they sail is one with relics of civilisation which, as the financier of the expedition remarked, "by comparison, modernises the Pyramids, and makes Babylon a thing of yesterday." The doctor's interest is keenly aroused by this, but, more than by this, by a beautiful girl who is to be one of the party, in whom his professional interest is even stronger than is his antiquarian interest in the pre-Pyramidal, pre-Babylonian district. Any reader who wishes to be amused, and at the same time thoroughly awakened, should take this novel with him: it will be a sure antidote against a too-relaxing climate.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

A good example of the American novel of atmosphere is **Sally of Missouri,** by R. E. Young (6s.). The American novel of atmosphere has, as a rule, a more defined foundation of plot than has the English book of the same type; and in this story the scheming of a strong-headed, blustering man of business to gain rich mountains from the rightful heir is the main theme, a theme beautified by the love of the heir for "Sally," the daughter of the scheming man, and the characters of these lovers and of old Bernique, a fine old man of French St. Louis, and Piney of the Woods, a faithful vagabond, with a soulful of music. The author vapours a little occasionally, and has just a tendency to use false words—as "he . . . sat waitingly"—but his work is fresh and delicate, strong and picturesque.

MESSRS. S. C. BROWN, LANGHAM AND CO.

Many of us remember a volume of striking stories named "Ann Arbor Tales." The author of them, Mr. Karl Edwin Harriman, has gathered together eight more stories under the title of **The Homebuilders** (6s.), in which, without especial beauty of scene or beauty of person, he makes places and characters definite and clear, and, beyond this, impressive and picturesque. The people of this book are Poles, their habits and natures are unfamiliar to us, the commonplace and the mysterious are blended in them, and the sordid often touches the beautiful. There is a good work here, with no waste of words.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF THE EVANGELICAL FREE CHURCHES.

In the "Eras of Nonconformity" series the editor, Mr. Silvester Horne, is giving the history of the Free Church movement from the very beginning. And of all the thirteen proposed volumes none, we think, can be more serious and at the same time stirring and romantic than **From the Restoration to the Revolution,** by Dr. John Brown (1s. 6d.); that is, from 1660 to 1688. Dr. Brown is a strong, outspoken partisan, he admits that as one reads the tale of cruelty meted out to some of the early Nonconformists, "it is difficult to restrain the rising feeling of indignation"; and in these twenty-eight years of which he writes, the cruelty, the struggles between religious men, the upholding of doctrine, were so intertwined with the pageants of royalty, the moulding of a nation, the setting up and pulling down of kings, that the period forms one of the most picturesque as well as one of the most fateful in religious history. The picturesqueness and romance, however, are there of themselves, inseparable from those interesting years; but the earnestness, the strenuousness underlying the gay, careless life, the rights fought for, the Acts, evil and good, passed, the influence of this quarter of a century on the centuries which have followed, these things are told of with force and charity and a certain righteous heat, by the author of this little volume.

MESSRS. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS.

An education in itself is the new volume issued by Messrs. Routledge, a Dictionary of **Names, Nicknames, and Surnames.** It is compiled by Mr. Edward Latham, and refers to persons, places and things, and whatever class includes racehorses, ships, wars, and so forth. As a book of reference it will appeal to men and women of all tastes and callings, including as it does explanations of hundreds of various subjects classic and modern. It is as interesting as a history, a biography, or indeed a work of fiction, and is full of suggestion as well as of information.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT.

Curtis Yorke has joined with E. M. Davy in writing a novel of love and money named **Two Loves** (6s.), in which the heroine mistakes the nature of her affection for her first lover until she meets the second, when the mistake becomes terribly clear. We confess we do not detect the handiwork of two persons in this story. Curtis Yorke's old facility is here, although the plot is not as fresh and attractive, perhaps, as some of her others have been. The joint authors have, however, produced a readable book admirably suited to the exigencies and distractions of the holiday season; it is light, yet full of incident.

MESSRS. ISBISTER AND COMPANY.

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, who seems even to think in ripples, gives us, in **The Wisdom of Folly** (3s. 6d.) another of his farragos of flippancy. "Three exciting days in the otherwise peaceful life of a fluffy-minded lady," he calls them; in other words it is a farce in ultra-modern style, giving the love affairs of an aunt and niece, an uncle and nephew, in a village; the scene being a "simple home full of tender and trying memories," surrounded by what the author terms a "well-groomed hedge." The humour of Mr. Hamilton's books lies not so much in the matter as in the manner. His admirers will find him here fresh as ever.

MESSRS. HODDER AND STOUGHTON.

Hero worshippers do good and true service both to their heroes and to the world when they can produce the men themselves rather than when they write their own impressions of them. And where great pains and careful sifting can be seen, as in **The Letters of John Hus,** by Messrs. Workman and Martin Pope (6s.), our gratitude is freely given. In these eighty-two letters, translated chiefly from Palacky, with short introduction and footnotes, the man's real self, with all his strength and weaknesses, appears. The historian, too, will find some help in the incidental references to contemporary events.

MESSRS. GREENING AND COMPANY.

Messrs. Greening and Company publish a new novel by Mr. A. G. Folliott-Stokes, the well-known painter, who is, by the way, a nephew of the late Charles Reade. Mr. Stokes, who has made the scenery of Cornwall his special study, has written in **A Moorland Princess** (6s.) a romantic novel with a distinct purpose. He has tired of the subtle woman study of latter-day fiction, and tells a tale of a splendid girl and the wind and sunshine. The story is full of a sense of nature and broad spaces. The heroine is a heroine of sweetness and light, a striking protest against the grey anæmia of modern fiction.

MR. ELKIN MATHEWS.

Many notable little pieces of literature have appeared in the "Vigo Cabinet Series" from time to time, and among the latest is also one of the most delicately graceful, and at the same time tenderly simple, little collections of poems we have had from Mr. Elkin Mathews. **Songs and Sonnets** (1s. net), by Eva Dobell, is a little volume to please the fastidious and to hearten the apathetic. There are quiet thoughts in every verse, thoughts which will bear many a reading and will stand out in beauty the more we recognise them. It is a pure, wholesome, melodious little book.

New Books of the Month.

MAY 15TH TO JUNE 15TH, 1904.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

"A Disciple." The Faith of a Christian. 3s. 6d. net...(Macmillan)

BROCKINGTON, A. ALLEN, M.A.—The Parables of the Way, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Longmans)

Mr. Brockington dwells on the unity of Christ's teaching in the Beatitudes and the Parables. Besides this unity and the interesting analogies which he points out, he has given such vivid studies of the passages of Scripture with which he is concerned, that a new life seems to be infused into the sacred words, and the author's grasp of and insight into his subject are undoubted.

CAREY, WALTER J., M.A.—The Reasonableness of Christianity, 6d. and 1s. net ..... (Wells, Gardner)

"The Faith has been roughly buffeted of late," says Canon Scott Holland in his Introduction to this little book. And Mr. Carey replies to the buffeters and helps the weakened and puzzled Christians by boldly, yet quietly, declaring his own living belief, his reasons for his creed, his answers to the challengers, his experience of Christianity, and what his faith has meant to him. The book is a sound statement of belief, with clear reasons for that belief, and an honest grasping of the difficulties of it.

DAVIDSON, A. B., D.D., LL.D., etc.—The Theology of the Old Testament. Edited by S. D. F. Salmond, D.D., F.E.I.S. 12s. ..... (T. and T. Clark)

GORHAM, CHARLES T.—Ethics of the Great Religions, 6d. (Watts and Co.)

HAINSSELIN, REV. M. T., B.A.—The Pivot of Christian Life, 3s. 6d. net ..... (John Murray)

HARKLESS, REV. J., D.D.—The Early Christian Martyrs. Temple Bible Handbook. 9d. net ..... (Dent)

Methodist Hymn Book, The ..... (Wesleyan Conference Office)

It is something of an epoch when the old Methodist Hymn-book is not only entirely revised but rearranged, after a hundred and twenty-five years of simple additions to, and modifications of, the volume so well known as "Wesley's Hymns." The present volume has been prepared with delicate appreciation of the needs and old affections of the Methodist body, and firm adherence to the Methodist doctrine. But time had made necessary a widening of the original provision, and the full work of the sect—among children, in home life, at festivals, and other occasions—is here amply provided for. Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," and Miss Rossetti's "None Beside Thee," are among some of the beautiful modern hymns which are now included.

MORIES, A. S.—Haeckel's Contribution to Religion, 6d. (Watts and Co.)

PEAKE, ARTHUR S., M.A.—The Problem of Suffering in the Old Testament ..... (Robert Bryant)

POOLER, REV. L. A., B.D.—Studies in the Religion of Israel, 5s. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

SINKER, REV. ROBERT, D.D.—Saul, and the Hebrew Monarchy. Temple Bible Handbook. 9d. net ... (Dent)

True Revival *versus* Torreyism, The. Edited by T. Rhondda Williams. 1s. net ..... (Percy Lund, Humphries and Co.)

Some very plain speaking on the subject of the opinions held and taught by Dr. Torrey. Six ministers here hold that the Torrey-Alexander mission preaches errors of belief, tending to retrogression, and binding down a people to a harmful, obsolete doctrine.

TYMMS, T. VINCENT, D.D.—The Christian Idea of Atonement. Angus Lectures, 1903. 7s. 6d. ..... (Macmillan)

WARSCHAUER, J., M.A., D.Phil.—Anti-Nunquam, 6d. (H. R. Allenson)

An examination of the book, "God and my Neighbour," taking point by point, and criticising in detail. Professor J. Estlin Carpenter adds a prefatory note.

WHITTAKER, THOMAS.—The Origins of Christianity, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Watts and Co.)

NEW EDITIONS.

ARMSTRONG, RICHARD A, B.A.—God and the Soul, 6d. (British and Foreign Unitarian Association)

Bible, The Century. The Minor Prophets. Edited by Rev. R. F. Horton, M.A., D.D. 2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net (T. C. and E. C. Jack)

BOYD CARPENTER, W., D.D.—Thoughts on Prayer, 1s. net. (H. R. Allenson)

Greek Testament, The. Prepared by Professor Eberhard Nestle, D.D. 1s. 9d., 2s., and various prices (British and Foreign Bible Society)

A scholarly edition with or without critical apparatus, reproduced from the text of Dr. Nestle's fourth edition prepared for the Württemberg Bible Institute. The volume is admirably printed, and bound in many styles; but the India paper style, bound in flexible leather, of a size which can be carried in the breast pocket, is worthy of very high commendation as a "working Testament."

MOMERIE, A. W., M.A., D.Sc., LL.D.—Immortality, 6d. (H. R. Allenson)

FICTION.

AUTHOR OF "GEORGE SAVILE."—Pride of Clay, 6s. (Lamley and Co.)

BENNETT, ARNOLD.—A Great Man, 6s. ..... (Chatto)

BOSVILE, GODFREY.—Pale-Blue and Silver, 6d. ... (Routledge)

BRADBY, G. F.—Joshua Newings; or, The Love Bacillus, 6s. (Smith, Elder)

BRADDON, M. E.—A Lost Eden, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)

BULL, ALBERT E.—The Crime in the Office, 6d. ... (Routledge)

BURMESTER, FRANCES G.—A November Cry, 6s. (Smith, Elder)

CLEEVE, LUCAS.—The Fool Killer, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)

CLOUSTON, J. STORER.—Garmiscath, 6s. ..... (Blackwood)

CROMARTIE, COUNTESS OF.—The End of the Song, 6s. (Hutchinson)

CROMIE, ROBERT.—El Dorado, 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)

DE COULEVAIN, PIERRE. Sur la Blanche (Calmann-Levy, Paris)

DERWENT, LEITH.—Cloud and Storm, 6s. (Hurst and Blackett)

DICKSON, HARRIS.—She that Hesitates, 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)

DIEHL, ALICE MANGOLD.—A Woman Martyr. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)

DOUDNEY, SARAH.—Silent Strings. White Robe Library. 2s. 6d. ..... (Walter Scott)

DOUGALL, L.—The Earthly Purgatory, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)

EYRE-TODD, GEORGE.—Cavalier and Covenant, 6d. (Routledge)

FORMAN, JUSTUS MILES.—The Garden of Lies. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)

FREEMAN, MARY E. WILKINS.—The Givers. Short Stories. 6s. ..... (Harpers)

FREMDLING, A.—Father Clancy, 6s. ..... (Duckworth)

FURNESS, ANNETTE.—The Melpomeme Papers, 3s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin)

GIFFORD, EVELYN.—Provenzano the Proud, 6s. (Smith, Elder)

GILPIN, W. B.—"Pony Express" ..... (Routledge)

The autobiography of a two-year-old racer, who, without any of the usually-told sensational happenings in a racer's existence, manages to make a spirited chronicle out of his early trials on the turf.

Greatness of Josiah Porlick, The. 6s. ..... (John Murray)

GRIER, SYDNEY C.—The Great Proconsul. Memoirs of Mrs. Hester Ward. 6s ..... (Blackwood)

HAMILTON, COSMO.—The Wisdom of Folly, 3s. 6d. (Isbister)

HARRIMAN, KARL EDWIN.—The Home-builders, 6s. (Brown, Langham)

HAYES, FREDERICK W.—The Shadow of a Throne. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)

HEFFERNAN, TOM.—The 'Liza Letters, 1s. ..... (Greening)

HERRING, FRANCES E.—In the Pathless West, 6s. net (Fisher Unwin)

HEWLETT, MAURICE.—The Queen's Quair, 6s. ... (Macmillan)

HOWARD, KEBLE.—The God in the Garden, 6s. (Chapman and Hall)

HUME FERGUS.—The Wheeling Light, 6s. ..... (Chatto)

The scene which the Wheeling Light betrayed was one with which Mr. Fergus Hume is admirably fitted to deal. Resting on a yacht's deck and gazing through a night-glass, Sir Maurice Barton became the witness of a terrible murder, the clues of which were for long hopelessly intricate. There are surprises in this exciting story, but they all lead on to the three marriages which round off the end.

Jokai, Tales from. Translated by R. Nisbet Bain. With Biography. 6s. ..... (Jarrold)

LAMPKIN, NOAH.—Mrs. Waterman, 6s. ..... (H. J. Drane)

MACKENZIE, W. A.—His Majesty's Peacock, 6s. (Grant Richards)

MARGUERITTE, PAUL AND VICTOR.—The Commune. Translated by Frederic Lees. 6s. ..... (Chatto)

MARK TWAIN.—Extract's from Adam's Diary. Illustrated. 2s. net ..... (Harpers)

Mark Twain considers that Adam "has now become sufficiently important as a public character to justify this publication." Well, well; and at least it is not over-introspective. Mark Twain can touch with a light hand, and many readers will like to be sure of the origin of the "first chestnut."

MILLER, ALICE DUER.—The Modern Obstacle, 6s....(Putnams)

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